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THE UNFORTUNATE PASSION.

A FEW years ago, I was dismissed by my friends in London, with several letters of introduction to families through whose neighborhood I projected a summer tour. Among the rest was one addressed to Francis Arnaut. He was a young man of whom I had heard much. Every body liked him; every one spoke of his talents and virtues as something out of the common way. His history, indeed, made him rather an object of interest, even without this character. He was a man of ardent feelings and hasty impulse, and the very outset of his career had been blighted by an inconsiderate marriage. His wife had returned to her friends, and he was living in late repentance to stalk about a fine mansion and sigh over its solitude. His fortune had come to him by a series of untimely deaths. He had no relative to share it with him; and a very short trial had convinced him that his domestic affections had unfitted him for the heartless bustle of the world beyond him. This was a vague outline, but it excited my curiosity, and I turned out of my road one sunshiny morning to pay him a visit.

The country was a fine sweep of real English landscape; an ocean of undulating foliage, with here and there a little green island, dotted with cattle, and intersected with shining streams. On one of these, after winding through shady lanes, and inquiring at cottages, I discovered the

white walls of Arnaut's abode. It was a beautiful Italian villa, in the midst of a glorious amphitheatre of oaks, terminated by a blue distance which was mingling imperceptibly with the sky. A steeple and a few upright columns of smoke stole through the trees to show that it was not altogether a solitude; and presently I passed through an irregular romantic village, which presented several pretty white-washed cottages, giving good promise of something interesting. I looked up at the little church-clock, and found it just eleven; but, not thinking it necessary to observe town etiquette, I entered the long winding shrubbery, and announced my arrival.

Arnaut was a tall handsome young man, though too slender, and pale even to sickness. His features, too, were marked with premature lines of reflection, which bespoke a troubled heart. I was introduced to him in his study, the open window of which admitted the soft breath of a July morning, and the carol of a thousand birds which were sporting in a wilderness of lilacs and laburnums. The freshness and gaiety without, I thought, contrasted painfully with what I saw within. There was a look of restlessness and care both in the room and its tenant; a pair of mould candles, burnt to the socket, hinted that he had sitten up all night, and the disordered state of his dress, his neckcloth cast off, and his shoes doubled down into slippers, seemed

to bear them out in this intimation. He came forward to meet me with a smile of welcome, which, though I did not doubt its genuineness, I thought an effort of fatigue. His first care was to make some rational excuse for his strange appearance, lest, as he said, I should be alarmed with the idea that I was to sojourn with a poet or a philosopher. "He had been doing, he scarcely knew what; abusing a vile novel, and whistling a worse opera, and forgetting to go to bed. The truth was, that his solitary life made day and night so like each other, that he was sometimes in the habit of confounding them; a lack of perception which my company would happily rectify." His conversation continued in the same vein, alike the property of mirth and melancholy; and this, I afterwards found, had become natural to him. It was the perpetual struggle of a joyous disposition against the influence of untoward circumstances.

While he sat at breakfast, I had leisure to look round upon his usual occupations. His room was an absolute chaos. Musical instruments were scattered in every direction, some unstrung and some broken, as if taken up from caprice, and thrown away in disgust. Materials for painting were equally numerous; canvases of all sorts and sizes lay beneath my feet; some with heads, some with landscapes—all touched in a bold, off-hand, impatient manner, but none finished. Myriads of books, in all the languages of Babel, were strewed amongst them, and a host of guns and fishing-rods and fox-brushes, completed the universality of the proprietor's genius. Alas! how happy had any one of these resources made many a man, under double the grievances which Arnaut could have numbered! In him, they indicated nothing but a mind toiling incessantly to escape from itself, but too restless to be relieved by any thing. He seemed aware of my thoughts, and asked me, with a constrained laugh, if I did not think him a match for the admirable Crichton. "I must go to

you to understand," said he, "that I had the misfortune to be born one of those little-witted gentlemen, who, unable to obtain proficiency in any one accomplishment, are determined to immortalize themselves by a smattering of many; and, truth to say, I am not sure but this patchwork of the mind is, after all, the best wear; for those pipes and painting-brushes, and fishing-rods and fiddle-sticks, have made me more friends in this miserable working-day world, than I could have won by a wit like the shoulders of Hercules, with all the cardinal virtues to boot. Every new whim I strike out is a hot-bed to hatch new friends; and if my invention keeps pace with the diligence of my study, I shall have a decent crop by the time I die. For instance, the squire likes me because I sport with him; the lady praises me because I paint for her; and the daughter smiles upon me because I fiddle to her. And when I am an astrologer and a conjurer (which I mean to be), I shall be equally delightful for casting nativities and raising devils." This was an ingenious excuse for the multiplicity of his pursuits; but it was made with a smile of melancholy which gave the lie to every word of it.

In the course of the morning, I found that the popularity of which he had boasted was not overrated; for, in our visits through the village, to which he was in haste to introduce me, no one could have been more welcome. He was at home every where:—the girls, in particular, brightened up when he entered, and all of them had some grand secret, or some unfinished drawing, or new piece of music, to draw him into a little gossip in the corner. This was generally the discussion of some playful feud, arising out of broken engagements to ride, or take sketches, and so forth; and, indeed, if all the charges were true, he had been much more forgetful than most men would have been under such temptations. "Pray what is the reason," said a gay little beauty, who was among the

dissatisfied, "that you have ceased to be my *cavaliere servente*?—You were once as regular as the postman."—"I was afraid to trust myself in such dangerous company."—"And therefore you devoted your service to the wonder of Elm Cottage?" The young lady turned to me with an affectation of pique, and talked about the attraction of the place, which, she politely hoped, would have power to detain me some time in the neighborhood. "Among others, there was one to which Mr. Arnaut would not fail to introduce me:—she meant a particular friend of his, who, unhappily for society, had contrived to estrange him from all the rest. She was a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, and was, at present, making one of a series of periodical attacks upon the village. At such times, Mr. Arnaut was apt to be a little forgetful. The infirmity, indeed, was growing upon him daily, to the great distress of some dozen young persons, herself included." I thought this side-wind put Arnaut a little off his balance: certainly he did not stand his ground so dexterously as he might have done, and his fair assailant followed up the attack till he was quite defenceless. She appeared to have touched upon a tender point; his countenance had waned by degrees into silent pensiveness, which he vainly endeavoured to shake off. He seemed sensible that interpretations would be put upon it, and excused it as well as he could, upon the plea of a too prodigal expenditure of spirits; "an excess," he said, "into which those villainous black eyes were always leading him."

The young lady who thus excited the jealous imaginations of her village rivals, was about twenty-four years of age. Her face was strikingly handsome, and full of mild and melancholy character, as if, like Arnaut, she had already had her taste of the world, and found it bitter. Her voice was low and mournful; and her dancing, though grace itself, seemed rather the effect of a neces-

sity to avoid singularity, than of choice. She regarded him with a kindness, and spoke to him with a confidence, which I could not help envying him, and I soon perceived that he estimated her very differently from the rest of his pretty friends. He could not trifle with her, apply pet names, or commit any of those gay offences which used to supply him with little laughing quarrels and subjects of amusement. In short, he looked as if, considering his circumstances, he had suffered his heart to go too far.

All Arnaut's pursuits had given place to the paramount one of attending upon Mary. He rode with her, and walked with her, and sat with her, as if there had been no other being upon earth; and I could not help feeling that such an intimacy was likely to produce evil consequences. He was, however, blind to them; and, free and ingenuous as his character was, I was yet too much a stranger to touch upon a subject of such delicacy. His spirits, instead of mending in her society, grew worse and worse; he always returned from his daily visit much dejected, and sometimes so agitated, that I have seen him drink glass after glass of pure brandy, to recover his self-possession.

After a time, the reserve which he had maintained on the subject of Mary, began to wear off. In fact, he thought of nothing else, and had nothing else to talk about. He would run on through all the hues of her character, with an eloquence that knew no bounds. Every word was poetry, and every feeling enthusiasm. Sometimes, when he had thus wrought himself up, he would break off, abruptly and impetuously, to the history of his luckless marriage.—"I was young," he would say, "I was a boy, and my friends threw me in the way of people of quality—folks who make pennyless daughters to pumper proud sons. Jane was older than myself; but the fortune with which I was cursed, was quite sufficient to make me a man in the

eyes of her parents; I was coaxed, tempted, and finally cajoled. My wife had received her full share of the family blood. The honey-moon was scarcely over, when she began to talk of the honour she had done me, and exact the humility due to her birth. Discord was the consequence, her family interposed, her brothers threatened; I kicked a troop of them out of my house, and sent her home to mend their establishment with half of my fortune." He would then inveigh bitterly against the folly of premature marriages, curse his evil stars, curse himself, and turn again to his brandy, till his cheek was scorched with fever; but he always concluded with a melancholy and touching allusion to Mary. The thought of her, if it was the hurricane that stirred up the turbulence of his bosom, was also the oil that hushed it into rest and mournfulness.—"She is an angel," he said; "her soul is made of more than woman's gentleness, and more than woman's dignity; yet has her life been ruled by low minds, and devoted to sorrow. Her story is a common one; she was the child of rich parents, and brought up with high ideas, which were doomed to undergo the shock of unexpected misfortune. Her parents died when she was about eighteen, and she became, with two sisters, the dependent of a female relative, a woman of fashion, whose head was running upon advantageous establishments, and had not wit to discover that it was possible for hearts to be more sensitive than her own. About the time of her change of residence, Mary was addressed by a man of property, twenty-five years older than herself. Her young heart shrank from the appalling disparity of years, but more so from the uncongeniality of sentiment; for he was a stock-jobbing, money-making genius, whose mind was of a texture which suffered all the refinement of life to pass through, and retained nothing but the rubbish. But this was not a thing to be discovered by Mary's friend, and she still encouraged

him with hopes. The reports in circulation, as to her intended marriage, prevented the addresses of more worthy suitors; and the thought that her sisters, unless she could find them a home of her own, would be subjected to the same cruelty, almost tempted her to the sacrifice. Being, however, younger than herself, they were not in immediate danger, and she was resolved to drive off the evil as long as she could. Year after year passed away. Her protectress became, at first, dissatisfied, then distant, and eventually oppressive. It was for a momentary escape from this that she accepted an invitation from a friend in our village; and here, immediately after my separation from my wife, I first met with her. You have seen the exquisite assortment of our country blades. It is no wonder, if, with very moderate pretensions, my conversation was preferred to theirs. We became intimate friends. She stayed six weeks; went away, and returned shortly again, and so on, for two years. By degrees, she confided her history to me. I ventured to give her advice, and, in return, she gave me the affection of a sister. She likewise advised me in my trouble, and I loved her madly. Sweet, gentle, unsuspecting Mary! how little does she think that the misery she pities is chiefly derived from her; how little does she think that I have found, too late, the being whom nature intended for me, and am writhing in the shackles which hold me from her!"

Mary, in the sequel, was constrained by the force of circumstances to give her hand to her ill-assorted admirer, and dreadful were the consequences to Arnaut. When I saw him some time afterwards, his senses seemed to be chilled and torpid, and the few desperate attempts which he made to speak, were composed of words without meaning, or related to a chaos of subjects which jostled each other like the cross-readings of a newspaper. Yet, amidst all, I observed a manly endeavour to over-

come the impropriety and inutility of his feelings. He had, evidently, some vague plan of amendment, and, as he sat shuddering, with his elbows on his knees, and his knuckles pressed into his temples, he muttered about change of air and of scene, and asked me where he should go. Before I could answer, his lips were quivering with—Mary—husband—marriage—and again he would fly off to his affairs, remember that he had strangely neglected them since Mary went, ring the bell for his servant, write a draught upon his banker, date it wrong, write another, and sign the name of Mary. He persevered till the task was accomplished; then begged me to go round the village, and take leave for him, and began to write a letter to Mary. He knew not what he was about; for, when he had finished the first lines, I left his pen wandering unconsciously over the table. I complied with his request; and returning with many kind messages for him, I was informed that he had gone out for a little air, with his dog and gun. I thought it likely that he was gone into a neighbouring wood, and I strolled after him, not without uneasiness at his being left to his own guidance. The sun had found its way through the mist, and it was a beautiful afternoon. The little feathery clouds looked like strips from the rainbow, and the snow and the icicles glittered with unimaginable hues. The red light that streamed down the long vistas of the wood, catching renewed brilliancy from the grey barks of the oaks and huge beech-trees, showed me far down Arnaut's favorite haunts; but I could see neither dog nor man. I penetrated farther, and called, and afterwards fired my gun, that he might (as had often been the case when we lost each other) return the signal; but I heard nothing, only the heavy flight and clamor of the rooks, which were scared from their perches. He must surely, I thought, be gone home; and I returned, but he was not there. The night came on, with the howling of wind, and every

thing appeared dismal and death-like. The servants mustered all the lanterns they could find, and distributed them in various ways through the wood. I sought a new track, and, holding my light to the snow, discovered the traces of footsteps. I could have sworn to Arnaut's foot, and I bounded impetuously onward. Sometimes I lost the track, again I found it, and was off like a blood-hound, shouting all the way for my companions. The snow, however, began to whirl through the bare branches with blind impetuosity, and soon filled up the foot-prints. We were all at fault, and stood shivering together with fear and cold, uncertain how to proceed. Time after time the men took turns to run home, but all came back without intelligence. Inquiries had been made at every house, and the consternation was universal. I scarcely knew how the night passed away, my mind was so strangely agitated; I only remember, that once or twice, in the intervals of the blast, something was heard like the howling of a dog, but each of us fancied it in a different direction, and toiled after it to no purpose. At last, the storm abated; our lights burned paler, and a cold blue streak announced the approach of day; after a while it expanded and broke into clouds, which sailed along like icebergs in a polar sea. We pursued our search with unabating vigor, moving like men of frost—our clothes absolutely rattling and crackling as we went on; till once more we heard the sound which had baffled our inquiries in the night. It was now beyond a doubt the wild wailing of a dog, and the stillness which had succeeded the storm enabled us all to agree as to the point whence it proceeded. My heart beat with a sensation of real bodily anguish; and, as we scrambled midway in snow for nearly a quarter of a mile, not one of us had breath to speak a word. The first sentence that was uttered was, "There is his gun!" It was leaning against the stem of a tree. I snatched it up,

and discovered that it had not been loaded—an appalling proof of the state of mind in which he left home. In a moment a faint whimpering directed my eyes a few steps farther, and there lay the favorite setter, curled up and unable to rise. He had placed himself under what appeared at first to be the snow-clad stump of a tree. I looked upon it a second time, and cried aloud with horror. It was Arnaut himself. He

sat upon a piece of broken bank, his hands clasped between his knees, and his head sunk upon his bosom. My first impulse was to seize him by the arm; but his frame was rigid as iron. His eyes were open, his brow knitted, his teeth clenched, and his whole countenance exhibited an expression of sullen despair; but the feeling of it was gone: death had already borne him away to his rest!

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Gloom is upon thy lonely hearth,
O silent House! once fill'd with mirth;
Sorrow is in the breezy sound
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon thine early flowers;
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to stranger's gaze,
Mine own sweet Home of other days!
My children's birth-place!—yet for me
It is too much to look on thee!

Too much! for all about thee spread
I feel the memory of the dead,
And almost linger for the feet
That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles,—all vanish'd now,
Follow me where thy roses blow:
The echoes of kind household words
Are with me midst thy singing-birds.

Till my heart dies, it dies away
In yearnings for what might not stay;
For love which ne'er deceived my trust,
For all which went with "dust to dust!"

What now is left me, but to raise
From thee, lorn spot! my spirit's gaze,
To lift through tears my straining eye
Up to my Father's House on high!

Oh! many are the mansions there,*
But not in one hath grief a share!
No haunting shades from things gone by
May there o'er sweep th' unchanging sky.

And they are there, whose long-loved mien,
In earthly home no more is seen;
Whose places, where they smiling sat,
Are left unto us desolate.

We miss them when the beard is spread,
We miss them when the prayer is said;
Upon our dreams their dying eyes
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vain
Trouble no more the heart and brain;
The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's House above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears,†
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres!
Under the poplar boughs I stand,
And mourn the broken household band.

But by your life of lowly faith,
And by your joyful hope in death,
Guide me, till on some brighter shore,
The sever'd wreath is bound once more.

Holy ye were, and good, and true!
No change can cloud my thoughts of you.
Guide me like you to live and die,
And reach my Father's House on high!

MARRIAGES.

THE great Earl of Cork has left an inventory of the whole stock of his mundane possessions, when, somewhat like the knight-errants of elder times, he started on the thea-

tre of the world in search of adventures. The catalogue is sufficiently scanty, but I dare not venture to follow the example of this illustrious personage, fearing that the enumera-

* "In my Father's house are many mansions."—*ST. JOHN*, chap. xiv.

† From an ancient Hebrew dirge—"Mourn for the mourner, and not for the dead; for he is at rest, and we in tears."

tion of the articles of a wardrobe, cut plainly after a modern fashion, might be less interesting than the description of slashed doublets and embroidered vests. It is enough to say, that, like the renowned noble of Elizabeth's days, I left my native place to seek my fortune, choosing the metropolis for the scene, very lightly burthened with property of any kind: yet, a gentleman by birth and education, I could not stoop to any occupation that might endanger the loss of *caste*; and, leaving a very small portion of my patrimonial inheritance to provide for household expenditure, I dedicated the principal part to the payment of the necessary fees, and entered as a student of Lincoln's Inn. This was assuredly the happiest period of my life. I inherited a dreary lodging up two pair of stairs in Chancery Lane; got my dinner when and how I could; fagged exceedingly hard all day; and solaced myself in the evening at one of the theatres, or at some delightful female party, to which, though my acquaintance in town was very limited, I was not unfrequently invited. This was true enjoyment. Nothing could be more complete to my unpractised mind than the illusions of the stage. Hamlet, he of Elsinour, the royal Dane, so often the subject of my boyish meditation, lived and breathed before me. I gazed with breathless anxiety at the desperate struggle of Richard on Bosworth's bloody field, and wept hot tears at the veritable sorrows of Belvidera. It was a year or two before I learned to distinguish Kean's features beneath Othello's sooty mask; and then, of course, my pleasure was diminished. I became critical, I thought more about the actor than the play, and discovered faults in both. Still there was an infinity of gratification left. I shall not easily forget the felicity that awaited me when I exchanged my mean apartment for a well-lighted drawing-room, filled with fair and gentle forms, ringing with music, and breathing of perfume. I am

sure I must have been exceedingly agreeable in those days, when, thinking so little of myself, and so well inclined to be pleased with every body around me, I danced, and laughed, and talked nonsense, such as women love to listen to, with every girl I met. There soon came a change, though the alteration was slight. I no longer paid my three-and-sixpence for the sole purpose of looking for five hours at Miss —, the *prima donna* of Covent-Garden; and, tired of Paine's first set, I came away disappointed from balls when there was no waltzing. New felicities, however, sprang up around me. I had a taste for pictures, and mounted in the seventh heaven, when gazing upon the wonders wrought by the magic pencil of the old masters.

At length I began to find that the income which, in the early days of my residence in London, sufficed for all my wants, was becoming exceedingly inadequate to the demands which I now felt to be absolutely necessary; and I pondered upon the means of recruiting my finances. A matrimonial speculation offered itself. In my anxiety to become thoroughly acquainted with every branch of my profession, I had entered for a year into an attorney's office. The family of Mr. Stubbs consisted of a wife, and one fair daughter, heiress of all her father's wealth; tall, and stately, and handsome, according to the ideas of those who can pause in the streets to admire the affected air and regular features of the fancy wig-blocks which stare simpering through a perfumer's shop window. She was accomplished, too; that is, she could murder the compositions of Rossini and Mozart, make hideous discord of the last popular song, and daub hieroglyphics upon vases and hand-screens. Her claims to fashion were not to be disputed: she was frilled, flounced, brooched, chained, ear-ringed, and braceleted, after the newest mode, absolutely dazzling the eyes of the beholders with the richness of her dress and the profusion of her ornaments.

Being frequently invited by Mr. Stubbs, to "cut my mutton," or "take pot luck," which, in his elegant phraseology, meant to dine upon two courses at his table, I had constant opportunities of ingratiating myself with the fair Amelia. Alas ! she was not to my taste : in vain did I strive to discover charms in the large, round, unmeaning eyes which did their best to cast languishing glances upon mine. She was hateful to my sight, and my ears were wounded by the mincing affectation with which she clothed the sentiments of a coarse and vulgar mind. I used to stand before her portrait in the drawing-room, endeavouring to reconcile my wayward fancy to the bride presented on the glowing canvas. There she was dressed in pink satin, trimmed with three blond flounces, a gold tissue scarf thrown across one shoulder, a long lace veil flowing from her hair, a plume of feathers in her head, and jewelled like an Indian queen, reclining over her harp. A grand piano on one side, an album, bound in morocco and gold, open before her—books and drawings scattered about : and in the back ground, through an open door, was seen a footman in a flaming livery, bearing a silver salver loaded with pines and grapes from the hot-house belonging to her father's villa at Highgate. Sickening at the ostentatious display, I always retired sighing from the spot ; and, being once caught in the act, Miss Stubbs concluded that I must be far gone in the tender passion. Her father, one day, assuming a countenance of wonderful importance, seized the fourth button of my coat, not being able to reach a higher altitude, and after a tedious exordium concerning the difficulty which a young man would find in earning salt to his porridge at the bar, offered, if I would relinquish my aristocratical prejudices, to take me into partnership, and obliquely hinted at the possibility of my winning the affections of Amelia, and stepping at once into a flourishing business.

Oh, what a direful struggle did my pride sustain with the flesh-pots of Egypt, the mammon of this world. It conquered, however ; and, extricating myself as well as I could from the awkward dilemma in which I had been placed by the forward zeal of Mr. Stubbs, I escaped the contamination of his office, and retired to my narrow den in Chancery Lane, a free man.

No more dinners and suppers at the rich attorney's table ! and if by any chance I happened to encounter the indignant Amelia, she gave me a withering look, and tossed her head disdainfully. Mrs. Stubbs was absolutely outrageous. She wondered what the *fellow* could mean by *such* conduct : but he would starve in his pride, and die in a ditch. Somewhat alarmed lest this prediction should be verified, I was fain to eke out my slender income by scribbling for the press. I blush at the recollection of the multifarious heaps of solemn trash which I have inflicted on the reading public, in the shape of essays upon political economy ; considerations upon the catholic question ; hints for improvements in the courts of equity ; philosophical inquiries concerning goosberry bushes ; and strictures upon the poetry, painting, literature, science, and the drama of the day ; to say nothing of maudlin effusions in verse, tragic scenes, tours in Normandy, letters from the shores of the Euxine, and sentimental love tales ; all written, be it understood, simply and solely for filthy lucre, without the slightest pleasure in literary pursuits, or the slightest desire for literary distinction. But I will not reveal the secrets of the trade ; and I mention my sins of authorship merely because they led to an acquaintance with one of the sweetest creatures who ever inspired a poetical imagination with a theme for a love elegy. I had observed a thin, pale young man, continually haunting a bookseller's shop which I frequented. His appearance and manners were interesting. We entered into conversation with each

other, were mutually pleased, and, exchanging visits, I was introduced to his sister, who kept his house for him. He was a young surgeon struggling for practice, and troubled with little of this world's wealth. Imagine every thing that is fair, soft, sweet, and ladylike, and a faint image of Marianne Langley will spring up in the mind. How I managed to avoid falling in love at first sight, I know not: her poverty, perchance, and mine forbade it. I marvel, however, at my prudence, especially as I felt that she was very charming; and found when the sameness of the amusements which had at first delighted me began to pall, the highest gratification in the conversation of one of the most intellectual beings upon earth—a simple-minded, graceful woman, totally unconscious of her attractions, and shrinking timidly from their display. In all probability I must have been subdued by the truly feminine loveliness of this gentle creature, had not accident thrown me into the path of a brighter beauty. A sprig of nobility, whom I met unexpectedly, when taking shelter from a shower of rain, chose to renew a school acquaintance, and asked me to accompany him in his canvass for a borough in —shire. He gained his election, and, grateful for my exertions, carried me down with him to spend the Easter holidays at his father's mansion. There I was domesticated with Lady Susan H—, a blooming young creature just entering into life; and, as I thought, completely unspoiled by the adulation which followed every movement. She was at once playful and elegant, affectionate and dignified; and, enchanted by her fascinations, I became the veriest slave who ever bent his neck to Cupid's yoke. My modest passion was unnoticed by the high-born beauty's parents; and when we met in London, I obtained the enviable privilege of visiting in Hanover Square. Now came the pleasing agonies of love. I followed the fair idol of my affections to every place wherein it was possible for me

to make my appearance; haunted the park that I might gaze upon her as she glided along the drive, and cursed the stars which either obliged me to mount a sorry hack, or to predestrianize, instead of making one in the group of gallant horsemen who lounged idly under the trees near Stanhope-gate, some of whom presumed to thrust their heads into her carriage-window, or rode with one hand placed negligently upon the door. Sometimes—for my introduction in Hanover Square gave me the *entrée* into other fashionable houses—I met Lady Susan at parties, and, while standing by her side in a balcony, bowered over with luxuriant plants, and looking into an illuminated garden, breathing the gushing incense of innumerable flowers, listening to the dying falls of music's sweetest strain, and whispering tender tales in a not unwilling ear, I tasted a heaven of happiness. In the corner of the Countess of H—'s opera box, too, amid divine melodies, the ærial forms of groups who might personate the Zephyrs, in their fairy dance, and surrounded by brilliant constellations of beauty, decked in the richest ornaments which fancy could devise, heart, eye, and ear feasted on exquisite delight. My fair friend imbibed a taste for pictures from me, and we frequently met at the British Gallery, gazing at the Titians and the Claudes, while we thought only of each other. We enjoyed also delicious promenades in Kensington Gardens, and spent many ecstatic minutes among the hyacinths and camellia japonicas at the fashionable nursery grounds.

But there were numerous drawbacks to this felicity. Lady Susan was frequently with parties, and in places unapproachable by me; and I never stepped out of the hackney coach which conveyed me to the corner of Hanover Square, without perceiving the utter madness of my passion. I had, moreover, many bitter mortifications to encounter in the distinguished circle to which I now aspired: an empty purse obliged

me to decline numberless agreeable proposals from my new associates, as my pride would not allow me to be *franked* by richer men; and from the high exclusive party, who had no toleration for their inferiors in rank, I received affronts which were not sufficiently tangible for notice. They eyed me with civil contempt, overlooked me; or uttered some cold sarcasm in my hearing; the more cutting as it could not justify me in knocking the offender down. I was kept in a continual state of excitation; my studies were interrupted; and I lost all pleasure in the society of my equals. If I mixed in their assemblies I was hypped and out of humour; yet such is the folly of the world, that while making myself almost too disagreeable for endurance, I was courted and flattered to a ridiculous excess by all my acquaintances, who seemed to derive reflected lustre from my titled associates. Marianne Langley was the only person who lamented over the alteration in my spirits and manners. She was unaware of the cause, and I was selfish enough to permit her to soothe my perturbed feelings without considering the danger to which she was exposed by this confidential intercourse. I shut my eyes to the attachment evidently growing in her gentle breast, and satisfied all conscientious scruples with the persuasion that her good sense would point out the impossibility of a more tender connection. Poor girl! she was, perhaps happily, ignorant of the discontent which I cherished even in her sweet society. She seldom went into public; but I remember that she once asked me to accompany her and a friend to Covent Garden. We sat in the dress-circle, and the vulgarity of my situation soon appeared in its broadest colours. I felt myself degraded—yes, idiot that I was—degraded in being detected in the act of shewing a decent degree of civility to one of the loveliest and most amiable of earthly creations. My attention was distracted by the appearance of Lady Susan H—, who entered a

private box escorted by Lord O—, To this person I had an utter aversion. He was a pale, fair, insignificant-looking creature; his face more than half obscured by a mass of sandy hair, stiffened up in stays, with a pair of dull grey eyes, peering over the collar of his shirt, a reptile that I could have crushed between my fingers; and yet, backed by his title and his large possessions, he surveyed me and my pretensions with unmitigated scorn, and presumed, in despite of the favour which I enjoyed, to dangle after Lady Susan. His eye-glass was soon levelled at the front row, where I was fixed for the evening, in all the horrors of doing the agreeable to a female party, evidently without the slightest claim to fashion. All Marianne's charms were to me rendered nugatory by her want of style; and her friend was perfectly atrocious, a masculine looking woman, in a faded red gown, a blue turban, with a gold band, and a little perking feather stuck in the corner. Lady Susan's attention was drawn by her companion to the spot. She sat, like Juliet, ungloved, leaning her cheek upon her beautiful white hand, and shaking away the clustering curls from a brow of snow, she turned her fair head from the stage, and gave one long look, as if to satisfy herself of my identity, and then resumed her former attitude. I saw her smile at something uttered by Lord O—, and suffered martyrdom. Pity was the least mortifying feeling that I could hope to excite, and there was too much reason to fancy that she beheld me with contempt. Poor Marianne! she was happy; she sympathised deeply in all the hopes and fears of Clari, and addressed her observations to me in the full confidence that I participated in her enjoyment. She could not guess that I would have preferred the depths of Tartarus to the seat which I occupied by her side. The evening's entertainments closed at last, and I sought my home, in the worst possible frame of mind. However, I was one of Fortune's spoiled children. All

my cares and anxieties were removed by the intelligence which greeted me on the following day. I learned that a distant connection of my mother's had died, and left me heir to five hundred thousand pounds. I never suspected that the old man possessed as many pence; and used to visit him occasionally, merely because I would not seem too proud to notice a poor relation. He burrowed in a dismal hole in Tooke's Court, and bequeathed all his property to me, because as he justly observed, I was not a legacy hunter, and did not plague him with fulsome attentions.

The instant that the stock was transferred to my name, I made my appearance in Hanover Square. The Earl received my proposals with haughty courtesy; thanked me for the *honour*, but was sorry to say that he had pledged himself to give all his interest with his daughter to Lord O. I entreated to be allowed to receive my dismissal from Lady Susan's lips; and, too highly principled to exercise any undue control, this indulgent parent gave the required permission. My triumph was complete: the lovely creature threw herself into my arms, and wept precious drops of joy at the alteration in my prospects. It was quite a scene, for my raptures were overwhelming. The Earl was affected even to tears, and said that he was glad to see that true love still existed in so cold and heartless a world. It was not, however, in my power to reconcile the Countess to the match. She constantly and decidedly opposed it; but her influence with Susan was not very great, and we were solemnly engaged to each other.

What pen can paint my ecstasies? Continually occupied in pleasing cares, every hour of absence was spent in preparations for the reception of my bride. Our marriage was necessarily postponed for a considerable period, in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining a house in town, and an estate in the country entirely to our wish; but, happy in the unrestrained intercourse sanction-

ed by my situation in the family, we scarcely regretted the delay. Intoxicated with my passion, and rendered somewhat consequential by the accession of so much wealth, I neglected all my old acquaintance. Langley's health, always exceedingly delicate, required a warmer climate, and he had accepted a situation in South America. His sister removed to the house of a relation in Lambeth. I obtained her address, but forgot to call; and an incident occurred which made me ashamed to approach her. I was driving Lady Susan in a phaeton through Piccadilly; a stoppage occurred, which placed my carriage by the side of a hackney coach; a casual glance discovered Marianne, seated with a vulgar, red-faced woman, who was fanning herself with her pocket-handkerchief. My companion's eyes followed mine, and an abject sensation of pride prevented me from acknowledging an acquaintance with a person in such humble circumstances. I turned my head away, but could not escape the sight of Marianne's distress. She looked at first surprised, then grew deadly pale, and covering her face with her hands, fell back into the corner of the vehicle. I extricated my carriage with a jirk, and drove rapidly forward, regardless of Susan's complaints of the pavement. Vexed and annoyed, I did not recover my composure during the whole day. Afterwards, upon reflection, I rather rejoiced that the deed was done, which must convince Marianne of the fallacy of any hopes which she might have incautiously indulged; but her last look of anguish often recurred, and brought with it a pang to my conscious heart.

In the interim, money, joined to indefatigable exertion, had levelled every obstacle to my marriage, and the nuptial day was fixed for the Saturday in the week which followed the ensuing Easter. The H— family came to town early in the spring, in order that Lady Susan might superintend the labour of her trades-people in her bridal para-

phernalia; and for the same reason they determined to relinquish their usual custom of spending the Easter holidays in the country. I attended my affianced bride to the last opera preceding the holy week. A strong musical attraction rendered the crowd very great in the saloon, where we stood waiting the announcement of the carriage; and while completely hemmed in, in a corner, I had the felicity of hearing a gossip of quality uttering several sneering remarks upon the approaching degradation of an old aristocratic family, in their connection, with what she was pleased to term, a personage soiled with candle ends and whale blubber, a half starved gentleman, enriched by the miserly savings of some vulgar soap-boiler, to whom he had the happiness of being nearly related. Lady H—— cast an expressive glance at her daughter, and I felt the pressure of Susan's arm on mine relax. She said nothing, and, ashamed to confess that I had been annoyed by the impertinent tattle of a foolish woman, we quitted the house in silence. The next morning I was informed that Susan had caught cold, and could not see me; and the following day the whole family left town for Brighton. I received a formal notification from the Earl, of the change in his daughter's sentiments, enclosing a passionate epistle which I had addressed to the faithless fair, and ten days after that appointed for our nuptials, she became the wife of Lord O——.

No words can portray my grief and indignation. I abjured at once the whole perjured sex, and resolved to bury myself and my wrongs in the depths of the country. Previously to the execution of this resolution, happening to pass Somerset House, just opened for the annual exhibition, I suffered the entreaties of a friend to persuade me to enter. In the great room, and placed in the most conspicuous part, hung two portraits by the same artist—mine and that of Lady Susan. They were whole lengths; and the painter, according

to his instructions, had made them companions to each other. In the preceding year I should have surveyed my own resemblance, executed by one of the best masters of the modern school, with infinite complacency: now I stood under it anxiously longing to tear the canvas into shreds. It struck my jaundiced eye as being exceedingly affected and ridiculous. In obedience to Susan's wish I had allowed the artist to deck me out in a masquerade-dress, and I stood like Lord Byron in the print, with my throat bare, and the addition of a hat and feathers on a table, and a mask in my hand, altogether a most conceited personage. While chafing inwardly at the figure which I cut, and thinking that, excepting the superiority of the execution, my portrait might compete in absurdity with that of Mrs. Stubbs, I heard a long-drawn sigh breathed at my elbow. Another followed deeper still. I turned round, and beheld the interesting Amelia in tears, holding the catalogue open in one hand, marked with a pencil at No. 22, portrait of Leicester Somerville, Esq. and an embroidered cambric pocket-handkerchief in the other. It was a very affecting exhibition, and I ought to have been touched by so flattering a proof of constancy; but it only increased my spleen, and I hurried from the spot and away from London as fast as possible.

My disposition, formerly extremely social, was completely changed. I indulged in misanthropic feelings, and nursed my chagrin with obstinate bitterness; but, notwithstanding all my efforts, there was no possibility of preventing the invasion of my neighbours. I was young, rich, and a bachelor, and nothing save a four-and-twenty pounder primed at my gate could have kept them out. The system of husband-hunting pursued by these rural misses and their mammas was perfectly frightful. As I could not by any manœuvres be prevailed on to enter their bowers, they way-laid me in every direction. Fathers put their daughters on horse-

back who had never been mounted before, and sent them out with the hounds—the chase being one of my principal amusements. At church all the artillery of female charms was levelled against me; and, without being absolutely brutal, I could not avoid introductions, or escape the solicitations to emerge from a dreary solitude, which were continually poured into my ears. Nothing remained except to fly to the continent; and after eight or ten months' sojourn, I found the place so insupportable, that, rousing myself to exertion, I made up my mind to travel. An auctioneer and house-agent, in considerable practice, dwelt in the neighbouring town, and thither I directed my steps, with the intention of giving him a commission to let or sell my property in the country. Riding over, on a fine evening in the early spring, I found the place in a bustle in consequence of an annual fair. Exactly opposite to the inn, in the principal street, stood the mansion of Mr. Jessop, a flaring red brick building, with a parlour on each side of a door painted a bright green, and decorated with a tremendous brass knocker. The dining room was indicated by a table drawn close to the low windows, covered with bottles and glasses, and surrounded by three or four men in buckish costume, the attorney, the surgeon, and

some other worthy of the town; and at the open sashes of the drawing-room, lolled half-a-dozen ladies in low dresses and short sleeves, with artificial flowers in their hair, and looking, like the gentlemen, a little flustered. I had no sooner alighted at the office, than out flew a deputation from both apartments, to beg that the gentleman would walk in and take some refreshment. I was about to decline, haughtily enough, but as I stood in the passage, a door opened into a garden beyond, and I caught a glimpse of a female figure closely attired in deep mourning. She turned her head, and disclosed the fair, pale, lovely features of Marianne Langley. I instantly decided upon taking tea with Mrs. Jessop. After a little hesitation and consultation with her husband, by the mistress of the mansion, whether the banker's lady, in consideration of its being holiday-time, would excuse the introduction of so humble a person, the governess was invited to join the company, and Marianne Langley appeared. On that blissful evening I made my peace with the most forgiving angel who ever extended mercy to transgressing man, and relinquishing my intention of going abroad, I persuaded her to quit her miserable situation as a dependent upon vulgar upstarts, and, following her to London, we were married.

THE GRAVES OF MARTYRS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE Kings of old have shrine and tomb,
In many a minster's haughty gloom;
And green along the ocean-side,
The mounds arise where Heroes died;
But show me, on thy flowery breast,
Earth! where thy nameless Martyrs rest!

The thousands, that uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days;
For Truth, for Heaven, for Freedom's sake,
Resign'd the bitter cup to take,
And silently, in fearless faith,
Bowing their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they, Earth?—by no proud stone
Their narrow couch of rest is known,
The still, sad glory of their name,

Hallows no mountain unto Fame;
No—not a tree the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.

Yet haply all around lie strew'd
The ashes of that multitude;
It may be that each day we tread
Where thus devoted hearts have bled,
And the young flowers our children sow,
Take root in holy dust below.

Oh! that the many rustling leaves
Which round our homes the summer weaves,
Or that the streams, in whose glad voice
Our own familiar paths rejoice,
Might whisper through the starry sky
To tell where those blest slumbers lie!

Would not our inmost hearts be still'd
With knowledge of their presence fill'd,
And by its breathings taught to prize
The meekness of self-sacrifice ?
—But the old woods and sounding waves
Are silent of those humble graves.

Yet what if no light footstep there
In pilgrim-love and awe repair ?
So let it be !—like Him whose clay
Deep buried by his Maker lay,
They sleep in secret—but their sod,
Unknown to man, is mark'd of God.

STANZAS.

WHILE on thine early charms I gaze.
All lovely as thou art—
Even like a beam from brighter days,
Thy smile steals on my heart.
And yet that smile, I scarce know why,
To saddening thought gives birth—
Thou seem'st too beautiful to die,
Yet, oh, too fair for earth !

'T is not the roses on thy cheek,
That of departure tell—
As early blighted spring-flowers speak,
A sorrowful farewell ;—

But still I've seen the fairest things
All fleetly fade away—
Like dreams that take the morning's wings,
Or shadows at noonday.

I would not that thou e'er couldst prove
To me, but what thou art,
A spell unbroke by earthly love—
An idol of the heart ;—
A beauteous shrine to bend before,
In silent thought, at even,—
A form at distance to adore,
And but to love as heaven.

DISAPPOINTED MEN ; OR, THE HISTORIES OF WILL BLIGHT AND VANDYKE SONNE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

(See page 41.)

VANDYKE SONNE was the eldest hope of a respectable family. His education had been liberal, although far from costly. A sense of dependence on his own exertions had, from the first beaming of reason, been present to him ; and an ambition to distinguish himself among men was his first rational desire. His appearance, when but a boy, bespoke the feelings which possessed him ; his frame, like that of the Sybil, owned the presence of the divinity—the mortal was shaken by the immortal. The deep flushings which, on the slightest excitement, overspread his face, with the trembling of his lip and eyelid, arose from the fire and the music of the soul within. Even men of the bluntest perceptions would, in a manner, be confounded at his demeanour. The clowns of the neighbourhood have stared and gaped to hear him link together a chain of fancies : like savages in the desert, at the musical snuff-box of the voyager, they have been astounded that so small a frame could yield sounds so mysterious and

exquisite. We know there are many sceptical of physiognomical expression—they think that men, like candles, are all taken from the same vat of clay, and are incapable, by outward means, of displaying in the least their internal resources. To such men, the god-like head of the Great Poet presents nothing more than chin, lips, nose, cheeks, and forehead—and to such the front of a baboon exhibits the like adornments. To such we will not attempt to describe our second luckless hero ; but to those who feel assured they have seen streaming through the eyes, from the heart and brain, the immortal light of mind—who have seen thought pluck at the lip, and sweep over the brow like the wind over water—who, startled at such development of soul, have almost believed it to rustle in the hair, and to make a halo round the head of the elect : to such we shall not appear a visionary, when we affirm that Vandyke Sonne, in his early days, excited such imaginings in the bosom of the acute observer. His figure

was small, and even fragile: his face pale and rather elongated; his eyes somewhat deeply seated; his eyebrows slightly overhanging; and which would have imparted a degree of austerity to his countenance, had it not been for the exquisite beneficence of his mouth, and the delicate oval of his chin. The general expression of his face was that of intense inquiry and perpetual self-communing. His look was of one who would watch nature as a spider, in her mystic web, follow her through the darkest outlets, trace affinities in the slenderest ties, and almost bring himself into an unconsciousness of his mortality in the keen, constant, and soul-absorbing study of creation. It was these feelings which grew up with him, which, like parasitical plants, clung around him, destroying the free current of the sap of life—and whilst they were green, and nearly bursting into flower, the prop around which they sprang was all but dust. Still, with this strong habit of thought, Vandyke Sonne had, at intervals, the glee, the ringing sprightliness of a child. When Hope—pity that he was one of her most plucked and ill-used suitors—or Humour directed, he could smile with the cheerfulness and laugh with the loudest. He could throw away the mantle of philosophy, and exhibit the motley jerkin of the fool—shut up the volume, and shake the rattle—put aside the thoughts of laurel-leaves at the academy, for the hissing chesnuts at a winter fire.

Perhaps, ere this, our readers should have been advised that Vandyke Sonne had devoted himself to the art towards which the bosoms of Raphael and Corregio had burned. His first wish of reason was to become a painter. Almost every subsequent desire of his life was that of excellence in that art which had captivated his infant mind—which had weaned him from every other hope and aim. His first striking development of this preference was occasioned by the following circumstance. A distant and wealthy re-

lation of Mr. Sonne's, being struck with the extreme intelligence of little Vandyke, invited him to spend a season at his house. It was during this stay, that the boy, one evening, retiring alone to bed, observed, on the way to his chamber, a door, till then unnoticed by him: without hesitating, he opened it, and entered a large and apparently deserted room. He was about to return, when an object in the corner of the apartment made his young heart beat again, and held him, for a time, immovable. It was a painting by Salvator—an armed bandit, leaning forward against an angle of a precipice, in the act of awaiting his victim. After the intensity of the boy's surprise had, in some manner, abated, he approached nearer the cause of his astonishment and admiration; and, placing down the light, sat himself upon the floor, directly under the picture, and with his head upraised, his eyes searchingly fixed, his lips unclosed, and his little hands and feet in such perfect quiescence, that if the spirit of Salvator could, for a moment, have illumed the pictured orbs of the robber, it would have seen more perfect, absorbed, and intense veneration in the lineaments of a child, than it ever could witness in adult beholders. Poor child! he was then gazing on the basilisk which destroyed him—he was then inhaling an atmosphere which was to blight and mildew every blossom of existence.

In the morning the greatest consternation reigned throughout the house: Vandyke's bed had never been touched—none of the servants had seen the child leave the house, and a messenger was about to be despatched to the boy's friends, when, whilst two or three of the domestics were once more searching through the rooms, a spaniel that had accompanied them sprang playfully away, and in a minute returned, and again gamboling forward, led the servants to the object of their search, who had fallen asleep, even where he had at first placed himself. There

hung the picture, and there lay the boy—at once presenting the altar and the worshipper of art.

From this moment the course of Vandyke was taken; and when other children of his age were busied in infant sports, our little hero was seated on a bench, sketching "the milky mother of the herd;" or, perched like a young sparrow-hawk on a cliff, sending forth his spirit to pounce at "misty mountain tops" and sweeping clouds. Thus placed, the young enthusiast would feel as if all creation were sitting to him, and the vast thought would engender within him glorious dreams of professional supremacy—the applause of the great and high-minded, the homage of society. The thought of dying in obscurity, of passing away with the nameless hundreds that are every day consigned to dust was, even in infancy, a painful reflection to our hero, and time seemed to add a pang to the fear of so ignoble a fate. He would say, "I never in autumn pass beneath a tree, and tread upon its withered foliage, but as I hear the crushing of the leaves, I think of the foot of Time pounding the bones and the marrow of men into dust, and never a word written in the book of human deeds, to say that such once breathed."

The time arrived when Vandyke Sonne was compelled to seek the metropolis. Death had deprived him of his parents, and his only inheritance was that which he held from nature—high feelings, and an uncorrupted heart. The love of his profession, and the brilliant fame he had promised himself in the exercise of his powers, bore him up against the shock with which Providence had visited him. He was, indeed, full of hope; and his appearance bespoke a man conscious of a superiority, and doubting not of its speedy recognition by the world. There was, in truth, but little vanity in this—his bearing arose rather from a buoyancy of spirits than an overweening and impertinent valuation of his abilities: he was confident, but not obtrusive.

Shortly after his arrival in London, he apprized us of his unlooked-for success. He had brought with him several letters of recommendation from his wealthy relatives—all their generosity could afford the young adventurer,—and the epistles had insured unusual patronage for their sanguine bearer. "In the first place," said Vandyke, his eyes flashing, and his whole countenance lighted up with a deep glow of satisfaction, "my Lord Noword has bespoken a landscape; he has also promised to recommend me for some subject of imagination to his particular friend, from whom, he says, I may depend on the warmest encouragement, as he knows the Duke of —; and when once recognized by him, the fault must be in the artist if either fame or profit be wanting. And yet," he would add, "in the midst of all these successes, I cannot but feel a sadness that the grass grows over those to whom this good fortune would have been most sweet."

Day passed after day, and Sonne received no definite answer from his Lordship. The nobleman wished to give some splendid opportunity for the development of the young artist's powers; "and this," said Vandyke, "I take to be most considerate and kind in his Lordship; he must also have many serious affairs to call him from the contemplation of those arts which the excellence and ingenuousness of his own mind must render most grateful to him. Indeed, I begin to feel that I have more charity and consideration for men in high life, and, I may say, for the world at large, than I could a short time since have reckoned on." Still, however, there was no summons from the nobleman. The resources of Sonne gradually declined—the freshness of his apparel had some time since been on the decay, and the easy and benevolent confidence which had outlived the most chilling procrastinations, at length began to give way to a fitful restlessness, sometimes dispelled by returning hope. Indeed, the stand poor Sonne made

against despair, and that misanthropy which was about to pervert one of the highest of earth's spirits, was noble and heroic. He battled off the thronging doubts and fears, the terrors of abject want, and—to his finely directed mind, the worse than all—the horror of oblivion, with a strength, a valor, with even a jocoseness of spirit, which few can either compass or appreciate. We wonder at the firmness of the man who holds forth, without a wince, a limb to the amputating weapon of the surgeon; we laud him as a heart of oak, a hero; but, alas! we think little of those whose wounds bleed inwardly, and who, whilst the darts of scorn and undeserved obloquy are festering in their souls, still lift an unblenched brow to heaven, and a look of kindness to their fellow-men. These are, indeed, conquerors; albeit, they be superficially esteemed "fellows of no mark nor livelihood." Poor Vandyke still strove to cheat himself into a confidence of future success. "If," he said, "his Lordship, and I cannot think he will, deceive me, I have yet another resource. There are many who might foolishly have been content to live on the promise of a Lord, and, with unemployed hands, awaited his bidding. I have acted more thoughtfully—I have still been at work." He had so; and a more admirable sketch rarely came from so young a pencil than that which in his hours of misery and solitude, in a wretched three-pair back room, admitting scarcely a sufficiency of light to read by, had employed the mind of Sonne, and weaned it for a time from the evils which beset it. The work partook of the temper of the artist. It represented a young and wearied pilgrim catching at the garb of Hope to steady his steps towards a spire of glass, on the top of which sat Fame, dispensing her wreaths to all who approached her. Several hapless wretches were depicted exanimate at the base—several slipping when within a footstep of their idol. It was this work which had, in a great

degree, absorbed the feelings of the artist, and rendered him less susceptible of the neglect cast on him by his specious patron. Sonne, as usual, hoped largely from this work of his retirement. One morning, ere he quitted his lodgings to call at his Lordship's mansion, he gave the last touches to the picture. Filled with the triumph which the happy completion of a work of mind awards to the artist, Vandyke, as he left his room, treated his dunning landlord with some degree of scorn—and surely the young artist was to be forgiven. He had just left his work—his bosom beating with that indefinable ecstasy known only to those whose tasks are of the intellect—his fancy flushed—his feelings heightened, and all the dull, coarse, heart-crushing realities of life forgotten in the delightful dream of fame, when he was stayed by the hand, and his very heart-strings jarred by the rough queries and upbraidings of a stubborn creditor. However, escaping from his landlord, Vandyke once more struggled for the mastery of his feelings, and attended at the residence of his lordship, when, unbeliever as he had been, he could no longer doubt the hollowness of the Peer. Pennyless and wanting food, there was no other asylum than that Hecate's cave, an unpaid-for lodging. Sonne returned home; but on entering his room, discovered that the picture was gone. He made instant inquiry, and found that the work which had beguiled him of so much wretchedness, over which he had gloated with all the exquisite fondness of a father over the opening beauties of a first child—the effort which was to have raised him to fame, and to have administered to his most pressing necessities, had that morning been sold to a sworn broker for a sum scarcely the value of the canvass. It was at this moment that the spirit of hope and charity winged its flight from the breast of Sonne, giving it up as the eyrie to a harpy—it was at this moment he fell from the band of men, and

declared himself an alien to the sorrows or affections of all human kind. Some days passed after this fatal accident ere we met the crushed and disappointed artist; and then how changed! Time seemed to have put the works of years into one short week. Sonne looked an apostate from benevolence; he also looked but a tyro misanthrope. His brow was scared—his eye shone, but with a brassy brightness—his lip was livid and tremulous—even his hair seemed to have lost its wonted gloss and freshness, and hung lank and thread-like. His beard was long, and its blackness yielded a terrible relief to the ghastly yellow of his attenuated cheek. We started back as he approached: and, without uttering a syllable, he strided past us, leering with such a glance of mingled malice, triumph and scorn, that for a moment we thought the enemy of mankind had housed his infernal spirit in the semblance of our friend. Never again did we behold Vandyke Sonne.

Some months after, when passing through an obscure street, we observed a child fall a few paces before us. On raising the infant from the earth, we remarked in its lap, among other toys, the sketch of a babe, which we instantly recognized as the work of Sonne. Never shall we forget his remarks on the circumstances which gave rise to that picture. "There is not," he said, "to me a more touching sight than that of a mere infant seated on the grass. I am involuntarily reminded of the origin of man, and see in the crawling babe a little Adam in its early paradise. It was a lovely summer's evening when I saw the child—the original of this sketch—playing on the sward; the pure blood glowing in its cheek, its eye glistening, and

its red lip pursed up at the satisfaction with which it was plunging its little hand into the sod. As I stood wrapt in meditation, the infant raising its hand, I observed an earthworm had ringed itself around one of the child's fingers, who looked at the turning reptile with an eye of wonderment and half-smiling, half-pouting curiosity. Whether it was altogether owing to the state of my mind I know not; but at this spectacle of the infant and the worm—at this early union of ordained companions—at this contrast of childish joyousness and the grave's corruption, I could not help bursting into tears. The features of the child were impressed on my mind; and, on returning home, I took the sketch."

All this passed rapidly through our brain, as, asking of the child the place of its abode, the mother of the babe came up. On inquiring as to her possession of the picture, she informed us that it was once the property of a lodger of her's; "and a strange gentleman he was, Sir," she continued: "for although he would never speak, he would lie all night and groan as though his heart was breaking. At last, Sir, the poor gentleman died; and this picture, and a few ragged clothes, were all he left behind." "And his funeral—" "He was buried by the parish."

After some further inquiries, the good woman accompanied us to the church-yard, where we found the sexton turning up the earth from the grave of Sonne to make room for another of the dead. "For whom, sexton, is this grave?" "Why, for a man hanged last Tuesday, for burglary!"

In life an outcast, and even in death the companion of a felon! Was not Vandyke Sonne a disappointed man?

THE TWO VALENTINES.

VALENTINE'S DAY is one of great stir and emotion in our little village. In large towns—special-

ly in London—the wicked habit of quizzing has entirely destroyed the romance and illusion of that tender

anniversary. But we in the country are, for the most part, uninfected by "over-wiseness," or "over-niceness," (to borrow two of Sir Walter Raleigh's quaint but expressive phrases), and are content to keep the gracious festival of love-making and *billets-doux*, as simply and confidently as our ancestors of old. I do not mean to say, that every one of our youths and maidens pair on that day, like the "goldfinch, bullfinch, greenfinch, and all the finches of the grove."—Heaven forbid!—Nor that the spirit of fun hath so utterly evaporated from us, that we have no display of innocent trick or harmless railery on that licensed morn:—all that I contend for is, that, in our parts, some truth may be found lurking amidst the fictions of those annual rhymes—that many a village beau hath so broken the ice of courtship—and that many a village belle hath felt her heart throb, as she glanced at the emblematic scroll, and tried to guess the sender, in spite of the assumed carelessness, the saucy head-tossings, and the pretty poutings with which she attempted to veil her real interest. In short, there is something like sincerity among us, even in a Valentine;—as witness the number of wooings began on the Fourteenth of February, and finished in that usual end of courtships and comedies—a wedding—before Whitsuntide. Our little lame clerk, who keeps a sort of catalogue *raisonnée* of marriages, as a companion to the parish-register, computes those that issue from the bursting Valentine-bag of our postman, at not less than three and a half per annum—that is to say, seven between two years.

But—besides the matches which spring, directly or indirectly, from the *billets* commonly called Valentines—there is another superstition connected with the day, which has no small influence on the destinies of our country maidens. They hold, that the first man whom they espy in the morning—provided that such man be neither of kin to them, nor married, nor an inmate of the same

house—is to pass for their Valentine during the day; and, perhaps (for this is the secret clause which makes the observation important), to prove their husband for life. It is strange how much faith they put in this kind of *sortes virgilianæ*—this turning over the living leaf of destiny; and how much pains they will take to cheat the fates, and see the man they like best first in spite of the stars! One damsel, for instance, will go a quarter of a mile about, in the course of her ordinary avocations, in order to avoid a youth whom she does not fancy; another shall sit within doors, with her eyes shut, half the morning, until she hears the expected voice of the favourite swain;—whilst, on their part, our country lads take care to place themselves each in the way of his chosen she; and a pretty lass would think herself overlooked, if she had not three or four standing round her door, or sauntering beneath her window, before sunrise.

Now, one of the prettiest girls in our parish is, undoubtedly, Sally North. Pretty is hardly the proper phrase—Sally is a magnificent girl:—tall, far above the common height of woman, and large in proportion—but formed with the exactest symmetry, and distinguished by the firm, erect, and vigorous carriage, and the light, elastic step, peculiar to those who are early accustomed to walk under burthens. Sally's father is an eminent baker—the most celebrated personage in our village; besides supplying half the next town with genuine country bread, which he carries thither himself in his huge tilted cart, he hath struck into other arts of the oven, and furnishes all the breakfast-tables, within five miles, with genuine London rolls. No family of gentility can possibly get through the first meal without them. The rolls, to be sure, are—just like other rolls—very good, and nothing more; but some whim of a great man, or caprice of a fine lady, has put them in fashion; and so Sally walks round the parish every morning, with her great basket, piled to

the very brim, poised on her pretty head—now lending it the light support of one slender hand, and now of another; the dancing black eyes, and the bright blushing smile, that flash from under her burthen, as well as the perfect ease and grace with which she trips along, entirely taking away all painful impression of drudgery or toil. She is quite a figure for a painter, is Sally North—and the gipsy knows it. There is a gay, good-humoured consciousness of her power and her beauty, as she passes on her morning round, carolling as merrily as the lark over her head, that makes no small part of her charms. The lass is clever, too—sharp and shrewd in her dealings—and, although sufficiently civil and respectful to her superiors, and never actually wanting in decorum, is said to dismiss the compliments of some of her beaux with a repartee generally *brusque*, and frequent poignant.

Of beaux—between the lacqueys of the houses that she takes in her circuit, and the wayfarers whom she picks up on the road—Sally hath more than a court beauty; and two of them—Mr. Thompson, my lord's gentleman, a man of substance and gravity, not much turned of fifty; and Daniel Tabb, one of Sir John's gardeners, a strapping red-haired youth, as comely and merry as herself—were severally recommended, by the old and the young, as fitting matches for the pretty mistress of the rolls. But Sally silenced Mr. Thompson's fine speeches by a very stout, sturdy, steady "No;" and even inflicted a similar sentence (although so mildly, that Daniel did not quite despair) on his young rival; for Sally, who was seventeen last Candlemas-day, had been engaged these three years!

The love affair had begun at the Free School at Aberleigh; and the object of it, by name Stephen Long, was the son of a little farmer in the neighbourhood, and about the same age with his fair mistress. There the resemblance ceased; for Stephen had been as incomparably the sharpest and ugliest boy in the school, as

Sally was the tallest and prettiest girl—being, indeed, of that stunted and large-headed appearance which betokens a dwarf, and is usually accompanied by features as unpleasant in their expression as they are grotesque in their form. But then he was the head boy: and, being held up by the master as a miracle of reading, writing, and cyphering, was a personage of no small importance at Aberleigh; and Sally being, with all her cleverness, something of a dunce, owed to Stephen much obligation for assistance in the school business. He arranged, cast up, and set in order on the slate, the few straggling figures which poor Sally called her sum—painted over, and reduced to something like form, the mishapen and disjointed letters in her copy-book—learnt all her lessons himself, and tried most ineffectually to teach them to her—and, finally, covered her unconquerable want of memory by the loudest and boldest prompting ever heard out of a theatre. Many a rap of the knuckles have Sally North's blunders cost Stephen Long, and vainly did the master admonish him to hold his tongue. Prompt he would—although so incorrigibly stupid was his fair mistress, that, even when the words were put into her mouth, she stumbled at repeating them; and Stephen's officious kindness commonly ended in their being punished in company—a consummation, for his share of which the boy was gallant enough to rejoice. She was fully sensible of this flattering devotion, and repaid it, as far as lay in her power, by taking him under her protection at play times, in return for the services which he rendered her in school: and, becoming more and more bound to him by a series of mutual good offices, finished by vindicating his ugliness, denying his pedantry, and, when twitted with his dwarfishness, boldly predicting that he would grow. They walked together, talked together, laughed, romped, and quarrelled—in short, it was a decided attachment; and when our village Romeo was taken

as an apprentice by a cousin of his mother's—a respectable hosier in Cheapside—it is on record, that his Juliet—the lightest-hearted personage in the neighbourhood—cried for an hour, and moped for a day. All the school stood amazed at her constancy!

Stephen, on his side, bore the test of absence, like a knight of Amadis his day. Never was *preux chevalier* so devoted to the lady of his love. Every letter home contained some tender message or fond inquiry; and although the messages became gradually less and less intelligible, as the small pedantry of the country school-boy ripened into the full-blown affectation of the London apprentice, still Sally was far from quarrelling with a love message, on so small a ground as not understanding it; whilst, however mysterious his words might seem, his presents spoke his affection in a more homely and convincing language. Of such tokens there was no lack. The very first packet that he sent home, consisting of worsted mittens for his old grandmother, a pair of cotton hose for his sister, and a nightcap for his father, contained also a pair of scarlet garters for Sally; which attention was followed up at every opportunity by pin-cushions, ribbons, thimbles, needle-cases, and as great a variety of female ware as that with which Autolykas's basket was furnished. No wonder that Sally, in spite of occasional flirtations with Daniel Tabb, continued tolerably constant; especially as one of Stephen's sisters, who had been at service in London, affirmed that he was so much improved, as to be one of the smartest beaux in all Cheapside.

So affairs continued until this identical Valentine's Day. Last spring, a written Valentine, exceedingly choice in its decorations had made its appearance at Master North's; rather out of date, it must be owned, since, being enclosed in a packet, to save postage, and sent by an opportunity, as the country phrase goes, it had been detained either by acci-

dent or waggery till the First of April; but this was none of Stephen's fault; there was the Valentine in the newest London taste, consisting of a raised groupe of roses and heart's-ease, executed on a kind of paper cut-work, which, on being lifted up, turned into a cage, enclosing a dove;—tender emblem!—with all the rapidity of a change in a pantomime. There the Valentine was equally known for Stephen's, by the savour of the verses and the flourish of the signature—the finest specimen of poetry and penmanship, as my friend the schoolmaster triumphantly asserted, that had ever been seen in Aberleigh. "The force of writing could no farther go;" so, this year, our "good apprentice" determined to come himself to be her personal Valentine, and to renew if not complete their early engagements.

On this determination being announced to Sally, it occasioned no small perturbation in that fair damsel, equally alarmed at the mental accomplishments and the personal defects of her constant swain. In fact, her feeling towards Stephen had been almost as ideal and unsubstantial as the shadow of a rainbow. She liked to think of him when she had nothing better to do; or to talk of him, when she had nothing better to say; or to be puzzled by his verses or laughed at for his homage; but as a real substantial Valentine, a present wooer, a future husband, and he so ugly and a poet too. Oh dear! she was frightened to think of it! This impression first broke forth to his sister—who communicated the news of his intended arrival—in a variety of questions, as to Stephen's height, and size, and shape, and complexion; especially as compared with Daniel Tabb's; and was afterwards displayed to that rustic adorer himself; not by words, indeed, but by the encouraging silence and saucy smile with which she listened to his account of the debarkation of his cockney rival, from the top of the B—stage. "He's tinner than ever," quoth Daniel, "and the smartest

dandy that ever was seen. I shall be your Valentine, after all, Sally," pursued her swain; "for I could hide him with the shadow of my fist."

This was Valentine's-eve. Valentine's morn saw Sally eyeing the two rivals, through a peep-hole in her little check curtain, as they stood side-by-side, on the green, watching for the first glimpse of their divinity. Never was seen such a contrast. Stephen, whose original square dwarfishness had pined down into a miniature dandy—sallow, strutting, and all over small—the very Tom Thumb of apprentices!—Daniel, taller, bigger, ruddier, and heartier than ever—the actual Goliath of country lads! Never was such a contrast seen. At length, Sally, laughing, blushing, and bridling, sallied forth from the cottage—her huge roll basket, but not as usual filled with rolls, carried, not on her head, but in her hands. "I'm your Valentine, Sally! am I not?" exclaimed Daniel Tabb, darting towards her, "you saw me first; I know you saw me first," continued the ardent lover, proceeding to claim the salute usual on such occasions. "Pshaw! nonsense! let me alone then, Daniel, can't you?" was the reply of his mistress, ad-

vancing to Stephen, who perhaps dazzled by the beauty, perhaps astounded by the height of the fair giantess, remained motionless and speechless on the other side of the road. "Would you like a ride in my basket this fine morning, Mr. Stephen?" said the saucy lass, emptying all his gifts, garters, pincushions, ribbons, and Valentines from their huge reservoir, and depositing it on the ground at his feet. "Don't be afraid; I'll be bound to carry you as easily as the little Italian boy carries his tray of images; he's not half the weight of the rolls—is he, Daniel?" pursued the unmerciful beauty. "For my part, I think he has grown shorter.—Come, do step in!" And, with the word, the triumphant Daniel lifted up the discomfited beau, placed him safely in the basket, and hoisted the burthen on Sally's head—to the unspeakable diversion of that saucy maiden, and the complete cure of Master Stephen's love.—No need, after this, to declare which of the two rivals is Sally North's Valentine. I think, with the little clerk, that they will be married at Whitsuntide, if not before.

A DEATH SCENE.

As fade the flowers when frowning Winter shrouds
The earth with tempests, and the sky with clouds—
As melt away the snows when Spring comes forth,
And leaves to Frost no empire save the North—
So waned she on the sight, and, day by day,
Like evening sun-light stole from us away;
The shade of what she was, when through the grove
And by the lake, she took delight to rove,
A child of Nature, beautiful, yet meek,
Heaven in her eye, and roses on her cheek.

'Twas evening; scarcely on that lovely face
The silent watcher could sensation trace,
So calm she lay, so statue-like serene,
The slight heave of her breast alone was seen:
Closed were her eyelids, pallid as the snow,
Ere day-break purples o'er the mountain's brow,
And through the long dark lashes, sweetly mild,
She smiled in dreams, or seemingly she smiled,
As if, in blest repose, to her were given
The calm of pardoned souls, and views of Heaven.
Bright o'er her brow the auburn tresses hung;
And loosely by her side one arm was flung,
The fingers held, what? but the shade of him

Whose melancholy fate had made her's dim ;
And in her grasp, with youthful aspect mild,
The pictured lines of her dead lover smiled,
Smiled as he wont of yore.

Her opening eyes
Gazed blandly round her with a brief surprise,
As if aroused from thought ; and then she said—
“ Dear mother, seat thee near me by my bed,
And let the curtain-folds be raised, that I
Once more may look on the grand evening sky,
And o'er yon forests, where, on eves like this,
To roam and list the birds was more than bliss.”

A momentary brightness o'er her face
Filled as with light the melancholy place
As forth she gazed. The mighty sun had set
Beyond the hills, whose peaks were glowing yet ;
Blue gleamed the lake ; and, with an emerald pride,
Were seen the forests old outstretching wide ;
And, on an elm hard by, a blackbird poured
His dirge, that, rising, falling, still deplored :—
Far from the mead the cattle's low was heard,
And, on the window-sill a lovely bird,
The redbreast, lighted, trilling from his throat
A loud, clear, simple, momentary note,
And sudden disappeared :—then trembling rushed
A light wind o'er the leaves, just heard and hushed.
As Twilight stole with silent step serene,
And in her azure mantle wrapt the scene.

“ It is the last time that my eyes shall see
Clouds on the sky, or leaves upon the tree,”
Exclaimed the dying girl,—“ and comes a night,
That never shall for me disperse in light ;
From scenes like these in youth to be debarred,
To happier hearts may seem to savour hard ;
Not so to mine ; life's passage may be brief,
And, young in years, the bosom old in grief,
The springs of memory poisoned, and the breast
Estranged to peace, the dwelling of unrest.—
This little picture—never let us part,
But place it in my grave-robes, o'er my heart.—
Grieve not for me—th' unrippled summer sea
Ebbs not more tranquilly—grieve not for me !
Resigned I die, and trust to be forgiven,
Through Him who bled that Man might merit Heaven !”

'Twas past—the strife was over—like a wave,
That, melting on the shore it meant to lave,
Dissolves away ;—like music's solemn sound
'Mid cloistral roofs reverberating round,
Fainter and fainter ;—like the latest ray
Caught by the hill-top from expiring day,
So fair, so faint she waned ; without a sigh,
Like dew sipped by the sun, 'twas her's to die ;
And borne on viewless plumes, to nature's Lord
From sorrow and from sin her spirit soared.

In tears around her virgin couch they stand,
Kiss the pale brow, and press the chilly hand :
They paused—methought she gently breathed again—
They paused—hung—gazed—and listened—but in vain :
Then found no dimness on the mirror brought
A trace of respiration—she was not !

ANECDOTES OF SHEEP.

BY JAMES HOGG, THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

THE sheep has scarcely any marked character, save that of natural affection, of which it possesses a very great share. It is otherwise a stupid, indifferent animal, having few wants, and fewer expedients. The old black-faced, or forest breed, have far more powerful capabilities than any of the finer breeds that have been introduced into Scotland, and therefore the few anecdotes that I have to relate, shall be confined to them.

The most singular one that I know of, to be quite well authenticated, is that of a black ewe, that returned with her lamb from a farm in the head of Glen-Lyon, to the farm of Harehope, in Tweeddale, and accomplished the journey in nine days. She was soon missed by her owner, and a shepherd followed her all the way to Crieff, where he turned, and gave her up. He got intelligence of her all the way, and every one told him that she absolutely persisted in travelling on—she would not be turned, regarding neither sheep nor shepherd by the way. Her lamb was often far behind, and she had constantly to urge it on, by impatient bleating. She unluckily came to Stirling on the morning of a great annual fair, about the end of May, and judging it imprudent to adventure through the crowd with her lamb, she halted on the north side of the town the whole day, where she was seen by hundreds lying close by the road side. But next morning, when all grew quiet, a little after the break of day, she was observed stealing quietly through the town, in apparent terror of the dogs that were prowling about the street. The last time she was seen on the road, was at a toll-bar near St. Ninian's; the man stopped her, thinking she was a strayed animal, and that some one would claim her. She tried several times to break through per force

when he opened the gate, but he always prevented her, and at length she turned patiently again. She had found some means of eluding him, however, for home she came on a Sabbath morning, the 4th of June; and she left the farm of Lochs, in Glen-Lyon, either on the Thursday afternoon, or Friday morning, the week previous but one. The farmer of Harehope paid the Highland farmer the price of her, and she lived on her native farm till she died of old age, in her seventeenth year.

I have heard of sheep returning from Yorkshire to the Highlands; but then I always suspected that they might have been lost by the way. But this is certain, that when once one, or a few sheep, get away from the rest of their acquaintances, they return homeward with great eagerness and perseverance. I have lived beside a drove-road the better part of my life, and many stragglers have I seen bending their steps northward in the spring of the year. A shepherd rarely sees these journeyers twice; if he sees them, and stops them in the morning, they are gone long before night; and if he sees them at night, they will be gone many miles before morning. This strong attachment to the place of their nativity, is much more predominant in our own aboriginal breed, than in any of the other kinds with which I am acquainted.

There is another peculiarity in their nature, of which I have witnessed innumerable instances. I shall only relate one, for they are all alike, and show how much the sheep is a creature of habit.

A shepherd in Blackhouse bought a few sheep from another in Crawmel, about ten miles distant. In the spring following, one of the ewes went back to her native place, and yeaned on a wild hill called Crawmel Craig. On a certain day, about

the beginning of July following, the shepherd went and brought home his ewe and lamb—took the fleece from the ewe, and kept the lamb for one of his stock. The lamb lived and thrived, became a hog and a gimmer, and never offered to leave home; but when three years of age, and about to have her first lamb, she vanished; and the morning after, the Crawl shepherd, in going his rounds, found her with a new-yeaned lamb on the very gair of the Crawl Craig, where she was lambed herself. She remained there till the first week of July, the time when she was brought a lamb herself, and then she came home with hers of her own accord; and this custom she continued annually with the greatest punctuality as long as she lived. At length her lambs, when they came of age, began the same practice, and the shepherd was obliged to dispose of the whole breed.

But with regard to their natural affection, the instances that might be mentioned are without number, stupid and actionless creatures as they are. When one loses its sight in a flock of short sheep, it is rarely abandoned to itself in that hapless and helpless state. Some one always attaches itself to it, and by bleating calls it back from the precipice, the lake, the pool, and all dangers whatever. There is a disease among sheep, called by shepherds the Breakshugh, a sort of deadly dysentery, which is as infectious as fire in a flock. Whenever a sheep feels itself seized by this, it instantly absents itself from all the rest, shunning their society with the greatest care; it even hides itself, and is often very hard to be found. Though this propensity can hardly be attributed to natural instinct, it is, at all events, a provision of nature of the greatest kindness and beneficence.

There is another manifest provision of nature with regard to these animals, which is, that the more inhospitable the land is on which they feed, the greater their kindness and attention to their young. I once

herded two years on a wild and bare farm called Willenslee, on the border of Mid-Lothian, and of all the sheep I ever saw, these were the kindest and most affectionate to their young. I was often deeply affected at scenes which I witnessed there. We had one very hard winter, so that our sheep grew lean in the spring, and the thwarter-ill (a sort of paralytic affection) came among them, and carried off a number. Often have I seen these poor victims, when fallen down to rise no more, even when unable to lift their heads from the ground, holding up the leg, to invite the starving lamb to the miserable pittance that the udder still could supply. I had never seen aught more painfully affecting.

It is well known that it is a custom with shepherds, when a lamb dies, if the mother have sufficiency of milk, to bring her in and put another lamb to her. This is done by putting the skin of the dead lamb upon the living one; the ewe immediately acknowledges the relationship, and after the skin has warmed on it, so as to give it some thing of the smell of her own progeny, and it has sucked her two or three times, she accepts and nourishes it as her own ever after. Whether it is from joy at this apparent reanimation of her young one, or a little doubt remaining on her mind that she would fain dispel, I cannot decide; but, for a number of days, she shows far more fondness, more bleating, and caressing, over this one, than she did formerly over the one that was really her own.

But this is not what I wanted to explain; it was, that such sheep as thus lose their lambs, must be driven to a house with dogs, so that the lamb may be put to them; for they will only take it in a dark confined place. But here, in Willenslee, I never needed to drive home a sheep by force, with dogs, or in any other way than the following: I found every ewe, of course, standing hanging her head over her dead lamb, and having a piece of twine with me

for the purpose, I tied that to the lamb's neck, or foot, and trailing it along, the ewe followed me into any house or fold that I chose to lead her. Any of them would have followed me in that way for miles, with her nose close on the lamb, which she never quitted for a moment, except to chase the dog, which she would not suffer to walk near me. I often, out of curiosity, led them in to the side of the kitchen fire by this means, into the midst of servants and dogs; but the more that dangers multiplied around the ewe, she clung the closer to her dead offspring, and thought of nothing but protecting it.

That same year there was a severe blast of snow came on by night about the latter end of April, which destroyed several scores of our lambs; and as we had not enow of twins and odd lambs for the mothers that had lost theirs, of course we selected the best ewes, and put lambs to them. As we were making the distribution, I requested of my master to spare me a lamb for a hawked ewe which he knew, and which was standing over a dead lamb in the head of the hope, about four miles from the house. He would not do it, but bid me let her stand over her lamb for a day or two, and perhaps a twin would be forthcoming. I did so,

and truly she did stand to her charge; so truly, that I think the like never was equalled by any of the woolly race. I visited her every morning and evening, and for the first eight days never caught her above two or three yards from the lamb; and always, as I went my rounds, she eyed me long ere I came near her, and kept tramping with her foot, and whistling through her nose, to fright away the dog. He got a regular chase twice a day as I passed by, but however excited and fierce a ewe may be, she never offers any resistance to mankind, being perfectly and meekly passive to them. The weather grew fine and warm, and the dead lamb soon decayed, which the body of a dead lamb does particularly soon; but still this affectionate and desolate creature kept hanging over the poor remains with an affection that seemed to be nourished by hopelessness. It often drew the tears from my eyes to see her hanging with such fondness over a few bones, mixed with a small portion of wool. For the first fortnight she never quitted the spot, and for another week she visited it every morning and evening, uttering a few kindly and heart-piercing bleats each time; till at length every remnant of her offspring vanished, mixing with the soil.

LE REVENANT.

"There are but two classes of persons in the world—those who are hanged, and those who are not hanged; and it has been my lot to belong to the former."

THERE are few men, perhaps, who have not a hundred times in the course of their life, felt a curiosity to know what their sensations would be if they were compelled to lay life down. The very impossibility, in all ordinary cases, of obtaining any approach to this knowledge, is an incessant spur pressing on the fancy in its endeavours to arrive at it. Thus poets and painters have ever made the estate of a man condemned to die, one of their favourite themes of comment or description.

Footboys and 'prentices hang themselves almost every other day, conclusively—missing their arrangement for slipping the knot half way—out of a seeming instinct to try the secrets of that fate, which—less in jest than earnest—they feel an inward monition may become their own. And thousands of men, in early life, are uneasy until they have mounted a breach, or fought a duel, merely because they wish to know, experimentally, that their nerves are capable of carrying them through that

peculiar ordeal. Now *I* am in a situation to speak, from experience, upon that very interesting question—the sensations attendant upon a passage from life to death. I have been *HANGED*, and am *ALIVE*—perhaps there are not three other men, at this moment, in Europe, who can make the same declaration. Before this statement meets the public eye, I shall have quitted England forever; therefore I have no advantage to gain from its publication. And, for the vanity of knowing, when I shall be a sojourner in a far country, that my name—for good or ill—is talked about in this,—such fame would scarcely do even my pride much good, when I dare not lay claim to its identity. But the cause which excites me to write, is this—My greatest pleasure, through life, has been the perusal of any extraordinary narratives of fact. An account of a shipwreck in which hundreds have perished; of a plague which has depopulated towns or cities; anecdotes and inquiries connected with the regulation of prisons, hospitals, or lunatic receptacles; nay, the very police reports of a common newspaper—as relative to matters of reality; have always excited a degree of interest in my mind which cannot be produced by the best invented tale of fiction. Because I believe, therefore, that, to persons of a temper like my own, the reading that which I have to relate will afford very high gratification;—and because I know, also, that what I describe can do mischief to no one, while it may prevent the symptoms and details of a very rare consummation from being lost;—for these reasons I am desirous, as far as a very limited education will permit me, to write a plain history of the strange fortunes and miseries to which, during the last twelve months, I have been subjected.

I have stated already, that I have *been* hanged and *am* alive. I can gain nothing now by misrepresentation—I was *GUILTY* of the act for which I suffered. There are indivi-

duals of respectability whom my conduct already has disgraced, and I will not revive their shame and grief by publishing my name. But it stands in the list of capital convictions in the *Old Bailey Calendar* for the *Winter Sessions 1826*; and this reference, coupled with a few of the facts which follow, will be sufficient to guide any persons who are doubtful, to the proof that my statement is a true one. In the year 1824, I was a clerk in a Russia broker's house, and fagged between *Broad Street Buildings* and *Batson's Coffeehouse*, and the *London Docks*, from nine in the morning to six in the evening, for a salary of fifty pounds a-year. I did this—not contentedly—but I endured it; living sparingly in a little lodging at *Islington* for two years; till I fell in love with a poor, but very beautiful girl, who was honest where it was very hard to be honest; and worked twelve hours a-day at sewing and millinery, in a mercer's shop in *Cheapside*, for half a guinea a-week. To make short of a long tale—this girl did not know how poor I was; and, in about six months, I committed seven or eight forgeries, to the amount of near two hundred pounds. I was seized one morning—I expected it for weeks—as regularly as I awoke—every morning; and carried, after a very few questions, for examination before the *Lord Mayor*. At the *Mansion-House* I had nothing to plead. Fortunately my motions had not been watched; and so no one but myself was implicated in the charge—as no one else was really guilty. A sort of instinct to try the last hope made me listen to the magistrate's caution, and remain silent; or else, for any chance of escape I had, I might as well have confessed the whole truth at once. The examination lasted about half an hour; when I was fully committed for trial, and sent away to *Newgate*.

The shock of my first arrest was very slight indeed; indeed I almost question if it was not a relief, rather than a shock, to me. For months,

I had known perfectly that my eventual discovery was certain. I tried to shake the thought of this off; but it was of no use—I dreamed of it even in my sleep; and I never entered our counting-house of a morning, or saw my master take up the cash-book in the course of the day, that my heart was not up in my mouth, and my hand shook so that I could not hold the pen—for twenty minutes afterwards, I was sure to do nothing but blunder. Until, at last, when I saw our chief clerk walk into the room, on New Year's morning, with a police officer, I was as ready for what followed, as if I had had six hours' conversation about it. I do not believe I showed—for I am sure I did not feel it—either surprise or alarm. My "fortune," however, as the officer called it, was soon told. I was apprehended on the 1st of January; and the Sessions being then just begun, my time came rapidly round. On the 4th of the same month, the London Grand Jury found three Bills against me for forgery; and, on the evening of the 5th, the Judge exhorted me to "prepare for death;" for "there was no hope, that, in this world, mercy could be extended to me."

The whole business of my trial and sentence, passed over as coolly and formally, as I would have calculated a question of interest, or summed up an underwriting account. I had never, though I lived in London, witnessed the proceedings of a Criminal Court before; and I could hardly believe the composure, and indifference—and yet civility—for there was no show of anger or ill temper—with which I was treated; together with the apparent perfect insensibility of all the parties round me, while I was rolling on—with a speed which nothing could check, and which increased every moment—to my ruin! I was called suddenly up from the dock, when my turn for trial came, and placed at the bar; and the Judge asked, in a tone which had neither severity about it, nor compassion—nor carelessness, nor

anxiety—nor any character or expression whatever that could be distinguished—"If there was any counsel appeared for the prosecution?" A barrister then, who seemed to have some consideration—a middle aged, gentlemanly looking man—stated the case against me—as he said he would do—very "fairly and forbearingly;" but, as soon as he read the facts from his brief, that only—I heard an officer of the gaol, who stood behind me, say—"put the rope about my neck." My master then was called to give his evidence; which he did very temperately—but it was conclusive: a young gentleman, who was my counsel, asked a few questions in cross-examination, after he had carefully looked over the indictment; but there was nothing to cross-examine upon—I knew that well enough—though I was thankful for the interest he seemed to take in my case. The Judge then told me, I thought more gravely than he had spoken before—"That it was time for me to speak in my defence, if I had anything to say." I had nothing to say. I thought one moment to drop down upon my knees, and beg for mercy;—but, again—I thought it would only make me look ridiculous; and I only answered—as well as I could—"That I would not trouble the Court with any defence." Upon this, the Judge turned round, with a more serious air still, to the Jury, who stood up all to listen to him as he spoke. And I listened too—or tried to listen attentively—as hard as I could; and yet—with all I could do—I could not keep my thoughts from wandering! For the sight of the Court—all so orderly, and regular, and composed, and formal, and well satisfied—spectators and all—while I was running on with the speed of wheels upon smooth soil downhill, to destruction—seemed as if the whole trial were a dream, and not a thing in earnest! The barristers sat round the table, silent, but utterly unconcerned, and two were looking over their briefs, and another was reading a newspaper; and

the spectators in the galleries looked on and listened as pleasantly, as though it were a matter not of death going on, but of pastime or amusement; and one very fat man, who seemed to be the clerk of the Court, stopped his writing when the Judge began, but leaned back in his chair with his hands in his breeches' pockets, except once or twice that he took a snuff; and not one living soul seemed to take notice—they did not seem to know the fact—that there was a poor, desperate, helpless creature—whose days were fast running out—whose hours of life were even with the last grains in the bottom of the sand glass—among them! I lost the whole of the Judge's charge—thinking of I know not what—in a sort of dream—unable to steady my mind to any thing, and only biting the stalk of a piece of rosemary that lay by me. But I heard the low, distinct whisper of the Foreman of the Jury, as he brought in the verdict—"GUILTY,"—and the last words of the Judge, saying—"that I should be hanged by the neck until I was dead;" and bidding me "prepare myself for the next life, for that my crime was one that admitted of no mercy in this." The gaoler then, who had stood close by me all the while, put his hand quickly upon my shoulder, in an under voice telling me to "Come along!" Going down the hall steps, two other officers met me; and, placing me between them, without saying a word, hurried me across the yard in the direction back to the prison. As the door of the court closed behind us, I saw the Judge fold up his papers, and the Jury being sworn in the next case. Two other culprits were brought up out of the dock; and the crier called out for—"The prosecutor and witnesses against James Hawkins, and Joseph Sanderson, for burglary!"

I had no friends, if any in such a case could have been of use to me—no relatives but two: by whom—I could not complain of them—I was at once disowned. On the day after my trial, my master came to me in

person, and told me, that "he had recommended me to mercy, and should try to obtain a mitigation of my sentence." I don't think I seemed very grateful for this assurance—I thought, that if he had wished to spare my life he might have made sure, by not appearing against me. I thanked him; but the colour was in my face—and the worst feelings that ever rose in my heart in all my life were at this visit. I thought he was not a wise man to come into my cell at that time—though he did not come alone. But the thing went no farther.

There was but one person then in all the world that seemed to belong to me; and that one was Elizabeth Clare! And, when I thought of her, the idea of all that was to happen to myself was forgotten—I covered my face with my hands, and east myself on the ground; and I wept, for I was in desperation. While I was being examined, and my desk searched for papers at home, before I was carried to the Mansion-House, I had got an opportunity to send one word to her,—“That if she wished me only to try for my life, she should not come, nor send, nor be known in any way in my misfortune.” But my scheme was to no purpose. She had gone wild as soon as she had heard the news of my apprehension—never thought of herself, but confessed her acquaintance with me. The result was, she was dismissed from her employment—and it was her only means of livelihood.

She had been every where,—to my master—to the judge that tried me—to the magistrates—to the sheriffs—to the aldermen—she had made her way even to the Secretary of State! My heart did misgive me at the thought of death; but, in despite of myself, I forgot fear when I missed her usual time of coming, and gathered from the people about me how she was employed. I had no thought about the success or failure of her attempt. All my thoughts were,—that she was a young girl, and beautiful—hardly in her senses, and quite unprotected—without mo-

ney to help, or a friend to advise her—pleading to strangers—humbling herself perhaps to menials, who would think her very despair and helpless condition, a challenge to infamy and insult. Well, it mattered little! The thing was no worse, because I was alive to see and suffer from it. Two days more, and all would be over; the demons that fed on human wretchedness would have their prey. She would be homeless—penniless—friendless,—she would have been the companion of a forger and a felon; it needed no witchcraft to guess the termination.

We hear curiously, and read every day, of the visits of friends and relatives to wretched criminals condemned to die. Those who read and hear of these things the most curiously, have little impression of the sadness of the reality. It was six days after my first apprehension when Elizabeth Clare came, for the last time, to visit me in prison! In only these short six days, her beauty, health, strength—all were gone; years upon years of toil and sickness could not have left a more worn-out wreck. Death—as plainly as ever death spoke—sat in her countenance—she was broken-hearted. When she came, I had not seen her for two days. I could not speak, and there was an officer of the prison with us too: I was the property of the law now; and my mother, if she had lived, could not have blest, or wept for me, without a third person, and that a stranger, being present. I sat down by her on my bedstead, which was the only place to sit on in my cell, and wrapped her shawl close round her, for it was very cold weather, and I was allowed no fire; and we sat so for almost an hour without exchanging a word. She had no good news to bring me; I knew that; all I wanted to hear was about herself. I did hear! She had not a help—nor a hope—nor a prop left, upon the earth! The only creature that sheltered her—the only relative she had—was a married sister, whose husband I knew to be a villain. What

would she do—what could she attempt? She “did not know that;” and “it was not long that she should be a trouble to any body.” But “she should go to Lord S—— again that evening about me. He had treated her kindly; and she felt certain that she should still succeed. It was her fault—she had told every body this—all that had happened: if it had not been for meeting her, I should never have gone into debt, and into extravagance.” I listened—and I could only listen! I would have died—coward as I was—upon the rack, or in the fire, so I could but have left her safe. I did not ask so much as to leave her happy! Oh then I did think, in bitterness of spirit, if I had but shunned temptation, and staid poor and honest! If I could only have placed her once more in the hard laborious poverty where I had first found her! It was my work, and she never could be there again! How long this vain remorse might have lasted, I cannot tell. My head was light and giddy! I understood the glance of the turn-key, who was watching me—“That Elizabeth must be got away;” but I had not strength even to attempt it. The thing had been arranged for me. The master of the gaol entered. She went—it was then the afternoon; and she was got away, on the pretence that she might make one more effort to save me, with a promise that she should return again at night. The master was an elderly man, who had daughters of his own; and he promised—for he saw I knew how the matter was—to see Elizabeth safe through the crowd of wretches among whom she must pass to quit the prison. She went, and I knew that she was going for ever. As she turned back to speak as the door was closing, I knew that I had seen her for the last time. The door of my cell closed. We were to meet no more on earth. I fell upon my knees—I clasped my hands—my tears burst out afresh—and I called on God to bless her.

It was four o'clock in the after-

noon when Elizabeth left me ; and when she departed, it seemed as if my business in this world was at an end. I could have wished, then and there, to have died upon the spot ; I had done my last act, and drank my last draught in life. But, as the twilight drew in, my cell was cold and damp ; and the evening was dark and gloomy ; and I had no fire, nor any candle, although it was in the month of January, nor much covering to warm me ; and by degrees my spirits weakened, and my heart sunk at the desolate wretchedness of every thing about me ; and gradually—for what I write now shall be the truth—the thoughts of Elizabeth, and what would be her fate, began to give way before a sense of my own situation. This was the first time—I cannot tell the reason why—that my mind had ever fixed itself fully upon the trial that I had, within a few hours, to go through ; and, as I reflected on it, a terror spread over me almost in an instant, as though it were that my sentence was just pronounced, and that I had not known, really and seriously, that I was to die, before. I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. There was food, which a religious gentleman who visited me, had sent from his own table, but I could not taste it ; and when I looked at it, strange fancies came over me. It was dainty food—not such as was served to the prisoners in the gaol. It was sent to me because I was to die to-morrow ! and I thought of the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, that were pampered for slaughter. I felt that my own sensations were not as they ought to be at this time ; and I believe that, for a while, I was insane. A sort of dull humming noise, that I could not get rid of, like the buzzing of bees, sounded in my ears. And though it was dark, sparks of light seemed to dance before my eyes ; and I could recollect nothing. I tried to say my prayers, but could only remember a word here and there ; and then it seemed to me as if these were blasphemies that I was uttering ;—I don't

know what they were—I cannot tell what it was I said ; and then, on a sudden, I felt as though all this terror was useless, and that I would not stay there to die ; and I jumped up, and wrenched at the bars of my cell window with a force that bent them—for I felt as if I had the strength of a lion. And I felt all over the lock of my door ; and tried the door itself with my shoulder—though I knew it was plated with iron, and heavier than that of a church ; and I groped about the very walls, and into the corners of my dungeon—though I knew very well, if I had had my senses, that it was all of solid stone three feet thick ; and that, if I could have passed through a crevice smaller than the eye of a needle, I had no chance of escaping. And, in the midst of all this exertion, a faintness came over me as though I had swallowed poison ; and I had just power to reel to the bed-place, where I sank down, as I think, in a swoon : but this did not last,—for my head swam round, and the cell seemed to turn with me ; and I dreamed—between sleeping and waking—that it was midnight, and that Elizabeth had come back as she had promised, and that they refused to admit her. And I thought that it snowed heavily, and that the streets were all covered with it as if with a white sheet, and that I saw her dead—lying in the fallen snow—and in the darkness—at the prison gate ! When I came to myself, I was struggling and breathless. In a minute or two, I heard St. Sepulchre's clock go ten ; and I knew it was a dream that I had had ; but I could not help fancying that Elizabeth really had come back. And I knocked loudly at the door of my cell ; and, when one of the turnkeys came, I begged of him, for mercy's sake, to go down to the gate and see ; and moreover, to take a small bundle, containing two shirts—which I pushed to him through the grate—for I had no money ; and—if he would have my blessing—to bring me but one small cup of brandy to keep my heart alive ; for I felt that I had not

the strength of a man, and should never be able to go through my trial like one. The turnkey shook his head at my request, as he went away; and said that he had not the brandy, even if he dared run the risk to give it me. But, in a few minutes, he returned, bringing me a glass of wine, which he said the master of the gaol had sent me, and hoped it would do me good,—however, he would take nothing for it. And the chaplain of the prison, too, came, without my sending; and—for which I shall ever have cause to thank him—went himself down to the outer gates of the gaol, and pledged his honour as a man and a Christian clergyman, that Elizabeth was not there, nor had returned; and moreover, he assured me that it was not likely she would come back, for her friends had been told privately that she could not be admitted: but nevertheless, he should himself be up during the whole night; and if she should come, although she could not be allowed to see me, he would take care that she should have kind treatment and protection; and I had reason afterwards to know that he kept his word. He then exhorted me solemnly, “to think no more of cares or troubles in this world, but to bend my thoughts upon that to come, and to try to reconcile my soul to Heaven; trusting that my sins, though they were heavy, under repentance, might have hope of mercy.” When he was gone, I did find myself, for a little while, more collected; and I sat down again on the bed, and tried seriously to commune with myself, and prepare myself for my fate. I recalled to my mind, that I had but a few hours more at all events to live—that there was no hope on earth of escaping—and that it was at least better that I should die decently and like a man. Then I tried to recollect all the tales that I had ever heard about death by hanging—that it was said to be the sensation of a moment—to give no pain—to cause the extinction of life instantaneously—and so on, to twenty other strange ideas. By degrees, my

head began to wander and grow unmanageable again. I put my hands tightly to my throat, as though to try the sensation of strangling. Then I felt my arms at the places where the cords would be tied. I went through the fastening of the rope—the tying of the hands together: the thing that I felt most averse to, was the having the white cap muffled over my eyes and face. If I could avoid that, the rest was not so very horrible! In the midst of these fancies, a numbness seemed to creep over my senses. The giddiness that I had felt, gave way to a dull stupor, which lessened the pain that my thoughts gave me, though I still went on thinking. The church clock rang midnight: I was sensible of the sound, but it reached me indistinctly—as though coming through many closed doors, or from a far distance. By and by, I saw the objects before my mind less and less clearly—then only partially—then they were gone altogether. I fell asleep.

I slept until the hour of execution. It was seven o'clock on the next morning, when a knocking at the door of my cell awoke me. I heard the sound, as though in my dreams, for some moments before I was fully awake; and my first sensation was only the dislike which a weary man feels at being roused: I was tired, and wished to doze on. In a minute after, the bolts on the outside my dungeon were drawn; a turnkey, carrying a small lamp, and followed by the master of the gaol and the chaplain, entered: I looked up—a shudder like the shock of electricity—like a plunge into a bath of ice—ran through me—one glance was sufficient: Sleep was gone as though I had never slept—even as I never was to sleep again—I was conscious of my situation! “R—,” said the master to me, in a subdued, but steady tone, “It is time for you to rise.” The chaplain asked me how I had passed the night? and proposed that we should join in prayer. I gathered myself up, and remained seated on the side of the bed-place. My

teeth chattered, and my knees knocked together in despite of myself. It was barely daylight yet; and, as the cell door stood open, I could see into the small paved court beyond: the morning was thick and gloomy; and a slow, but settled, rain was coming down. "It is half-past seven o'clock, R——!" said the master. I just mustered an entreaty to be left alone till the last moment. I had thirty minutes to live.

I tried to make another observation when the master was leaving the cell; but, this time, I could not get the words out: my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and my speech seemed gone: I made two desperate efforts but it would not do—I could not utter. When they left me, I never stirred from my place on the bed. I was benumbed with the cold, probably from the sleep and the unaccustomed exposure; and I sat crouched together, as it were, to keep myself warmer, with my arms folded across my breast, and my head hanging down, shivering; and my body felt as if it were such a weight to me that I was unable to move it, or stir. The day now was breaking, yellow,—and heavily; and the light stole by degrees into my dungeon, showing me the damp stone walls and desolate dark paved floor; and, strange as it was—with all that I could do, I could not keep myself from noticing these trifling things—though perdition was coming upon me the very next moment. I noticed the lamp which the turnkey had left on the floor, and which was burning dimly, with a long wick, being clogged with the chill and bad air, and I thought to myself—even at that moment—that it had not been trimmed since the night before. And I looked at the bare, naked, iron bed-frame that I sat on; and at the heavy studs on the door of the dungeon; and at the scrawls and writing upon the wall, that had been drawn by former prisoners; and I put my hand to try my own pulse, and it was so low that I could hardly count it: I could not feel—though I tried to make my-

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self feel it—that I was going to die. In the midst of this, I heard the chimes of the chapel clock begin to strike; and I thought—Lord take pity on me, a wretch!—it could not be the three quarters after seven yet! The clock went over the three quarters—it chimed the fourth quarter, and struck eight. They were in my cell before I perceived them. They found me in the place, and in the posture, as they had left me.

What I have farther to tell will lie in a very small compass; my recollections are very minute up to this point, but not at all so close as to what occurred afterwards. I scarcely recollect very clearly how I got from my cell to the press-room. I think two little withered men dressed in black, supported me. I know I tried to rise when I saw the master and his people come into my dungeon; but I could not.

In the press-room were the two miserable wretches that were to suffer with me; they were bound, with their arms behind them, and their hands together; and were lying upon a bench hard by, until I was ready. A meagre-looking old man, with thin white hair, who was reading to one of them, came up, and said something—"That we ought to embrace,"—I did not distinctly hear what it was.

The great difficulty that I had was to keep from falling. I had thought that these moments would have been all of fury and horror, but I felt nothing of this; but only a weakness, as though my heart—and the very floor on which I stood—was sinking under me. I could just make a motion, that the old white-haired man should leave me; and some one interfered, and sent him away. The pinioning of my hands and arms was then finished; and I heard an officer whisper to the chaplain that "all was ready." As we passed out, one of the men in black held a glass of water to my lips; but I could not swallow: and Mr. W——, the master of the gaol, who had bid farewell to my companions, offered

me his hand. The blood rushed into my face once more for one moment! It was too much—the man who was sending me to execution, to offer to shake me by the hand!

This was the last moment—but one—of full perception, that I had in life. I remember our beginning to move forward, through the long arched passages which led from the press-room to the scaffold. I saw the lamps that were still burning, for the daylight never entered here: I heard the quick tolling of the bell, and the deep voice of the chaplain reading as he walked before us—

“I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!”

It was the funeral service—the order for the grave—the office for those that were senseless and dead—over us, the quick and the living.

I felt once more—and saw! I felt the transition from these dim, close, hot, lamp-lighted subterranean passages, to the open platform, and steps, at the foot of the scaffold, and to day. I saw the immense crowd blackening the whole area of the street below me. The windows of the shops and houses opposite, to the fourth story, choked with gazers. I saw St. Sepulchre’s church through the yellow fog in the distance, and heard the pealing of its bell. I recollect the cloudy, misty morning; the wet that lay upon the scaffold—the huge dark mass of building, the prison itself, that rose beside, and seemed to cast a shadow over us—the cold, fresh breeze, that as I emerged from it, broke upon my face. I see it all now—the whole horrible landscape is before me. The scaffold—the rain—the faces of the multitude—the people clinging to the house-tops—the smoke that beat heavily downwards from the chimneys—the wagons filled with women, staring in the inn-yards opposite—the hoarse low roar that ran

through the gathered crowd as we appeared. I never saw so many objects at once, so plainly and distinctly, in all my life, as at that one glance; but it lasted only for an instant.

From that look, and from that instant all that followed is a blank. Of the prayers of the Chaplain; of the fastening of the fatal noose; of the putting on of the cap which I had so much disliked; of my actual execution and death, I have not the slightest atom of recollection. But that I know such occurrences must have taken place, I should not have the smallest consciousness that they ever did so. I read in the newspapers, an account of my behaviour at the scaffold—that I conducted myself decently, but with firmness—Of my death—that I seemed to die almost without a struggle. Of any of these events I have not been able, by any exertion, to recall the most distant remembrance. With the first view of the scaffold, all my recollection ceases. The next circumstance, which to my perception—seems to follow, is the having awoken, as if from sleep, and found myself in a bed, in a handsome chamber; with a gentleman—as I first opened my eyes—looking attentively at me. I had my senses perfectly, though I did not speak at once. I thought directly, that I had been reprieved at the scaffold, and had fainted. After I knew the truth, I thought that I had an imperfect recollection, of having found, or fancied, myself—as in a dream—in some strange place lying naked, and with a mass of figures floating about before me; but this idea certainly never presented itself to me until I was informed of the fact that it had occurred.

The accident to which I owe my existence, will have been divined! My condition is a strange one! I am a living man; and I possess certificates both of my death and burial. I know that a coffin filled with stones, and with my name upon the plate, lies buried in the churchyard of St. Andrew’s, Holborn: I saw, from a

window, the undressed hearse arrive that carried it: I was a witness to my own funeral: these are strange things to see. My dangers, however, and I trust, my crimes are over for ever. Thanks to the bounty of the excellent individual, whose benevolence has recognised the service which he did me for a claim upon him, I am married to the woman, whose happiness and safety proved my last thought—so long as reason remained with me—in dying. And I am about to sail upon a far voyage, which is only a sorrowful one—that it parts me for ever from my benefactor. The fancy that this poor narrative—from the singularity of the facts it relates—may be interesting to some people, has induced me to write it: perhaps at too much length;

but it is not easy for those who write without skill, to write briefly. Should it meet the eye of the few relatives I have, it will tell *one* of them—that, to his jealousy of being known in connection with me—even *after death*—I owe *my life*. Should my old master read it, perhaps, by this time, he may have thought I suffered severely for yielding to a first temptation; at least—while I hear him no ill will—I will not believe that he will learn my deliverance with regret. For the words are soon spoken, and the act is soon done, which dooms a wretched creature to an untimely death; but bitter are the pangs—and the sufferings of the body are among the least of them—that he must go through before he arrives at it!

THE DOCTOR IN TROUBLE.

A DOCTOR there lived in the county of Fife,
Physic em, tistic em, ho!
And he had a wife, was the plague of his life,
With her squallery, bawleri, ho!
She worried and teased the unfortunate elf,
If his patients were few, he was *patient* himself;
But at last she fell sick, and was laid on the shelf,
With her sigh away, die away, ho!

Now in sables the doctor had often rehearsed,
Whine away, groan away, ho!
And he always wore mourning for fear of the worst,
With his seem to grieve, laugh in sleeve, ho!
So a coffin he bought of a friend in the trade,
And ma'am under ground very snugly was laid;
And the very next night Bolus married his maid,
With her fie for shame! change her name, ho!

Now it happened that night that a gentleman, bred,
Dig away, in the clay, ho!
To the grave occupation of raising the dead,
With his coffin crack, spade and sack, ho!
Rang at one in the morning, the doctor's night-bell,
And said—"Sir, I've brought you a *subject* to sell:
But the watchman is near, so be quick—or he'll tell;
With your cut and slash—pay the cash—ho!

The doctor had scarcely refastened the door,
With his bolt and chain, lock again, ho!
When he thought in the sack he heard somebody snore,
With their snooze em, fozzle em, ho!
But who shall describe the poor doctor's surprise,
When he opened the sack to examine his prize:
For his wife was come back! and she opened her eyes,
With her squallery, bawleri, ho!
And the doctor?—he dropped her, and ran away,—ch d

FRENCH SONG.

Le parque vient, dans son courroux,
De me priver de mon époux ;
C'est ce qui me desole.
S'il fut joueur et libertin,
Il fit du moins tres-bonne fin ;
C'est ce qui me console.

Il s'endettait, et chaque jour
Me privait d'argent et d'amour ;
C'est ce qui me desole.
Malgré son indelite,
J'étais tres-sage, en verité ;
C'est ce qui me console.

Je crains, dans mon affliction,
De tomber en consommation ;
C'est ce qui me desole.
Cependant mes pleurs, mes regrets
N'ont pas encore fêtré mes traits ;
C'est ce qui me console.

J'éprouve le plus triste sort ;
Point d'argent dans mon coffre fort ;
C'est ce qui me desole.
Un jeune et savant medecin
Prend interet a mon destin ;
C'est ce qui me console.

Cet aimable consolateur
Me trouble par son trop d'ardeur ;
C'est ce qui me desole.
Il pleure avec moi mon époux ;
Il est decent, honnête, et doux ;
C'est ce qui me console.

J'accepte par necessite
Ses soins, sa generosite ;
C'est ce qui me desole.
Mais bien qu'il soit tres-generoux,
Ma sagesse contient ses feux ;
C'est ce qui me console.

Je vois qu'il est brulant d'amour,
Qu'il espere un tendre retour ;
C'est ce qui me desole.
Je ne me livre heureusement
Qu'à l'amitie pour le moment ;
C'est ce qui me console.

Ses discours valent ma douleur,
Et touchent mon sensible cœur ;
C'est ce qui me desole.
Ah ! s'il obtient un jour ma main,
Ce sera l'ordre du destin ;
C'est ce qui me console.

TRANSLATION.

The wrathful stroke of cruel fate
Deprives me of my loving mate ;
That fills my soul with grief.
Although he gam'd and raked beside,
Yet very piously he died ;
That gives my heart relief.

He went in debt, and every day
Took both his purse and love away ;
That fills my soul with grief.
But though he broke his marriage vows,
I was a true and faithful spouse ;
That gives my heart relief.

I fear that my afflicted state
Insures consumption as my fate ;
That fills my soul with grief.
But, spite of tears, I cannot trace
As yet a wrinkle in my face ;
That gives my heart relief.

A sorry lot I own is mine—
My purse betrays a lack of coin ;
That fills my soul with grief.
But my physician, young and wise,
O'er all my wants keeps watchful eyes ;
That gives my heart relief.

This kind consoler often shows
A warmth which troubles my repose ;
That fills my soul with grief.
He weeps with me my husband dead—
He's gentle, tender, and well-bred ;
That gives my heart relief.

Forced by necessity, I take
The generous gifts he loves to make ;
That fills my soul with grief.
But though he's liberal, I own,
My prudence keeps his ardour down ;
That gives my heart relief.

With glowing love I see him burn—
I see he hopes a soft return ;
That fills my soul with grief.
But then, thank Heaven ! my conduct tells
As yet of friendship—nothing else ;
That gives my heart relief.

His words assuage my mournful woes,
And touch my widowed heart too close ;
That fills my soul with grief.
Ah ! if the ruling fates have plann'd
That he one day should win my hand !—
That gives my heart relief.

SERENADE.

" Oh ! come to the window, my lady-love ;
There's nothing to fear from me ;—
No ladder have I to mount above ;
I wish but thy face to see."
If she will but open and list my lay,
I'll pledge my lute and sword
That I reach her feet by an easier way
Than the steps of a slippery cord.

" Oh ! lady, that cheek has the only blush
Which fades not under the moon ;
Yet, ah ! 'tis fleeting as twilight's flush—
Nay, leave me not, lady, so soon."
Her casement is dark, but a nearer gleam
And a shadow is on the stairs :
And her lamp, though her hand is o'er it, beams
On the key that her girdle bears.

THE DEAD WATCH. A LEGEND OF SWEDEN.

THE last moments of Ulrica, Princess of Sweden, approached. A film obscured her eye; but her voice, though weak, was clear. "I thought I scarcely could have died without bidding a last farewell," she said, "to my beloved Emelinde—but life recedes apace. How many days have elapsed since the messenger was despatched to Saxony?"—"But three, my dearest princess!" replied an aged attendant, whose accents were scarcely more distinct than those of her dying mistress:—"but three;—as many weeks must pass before Countess Emelinde, of Schœnberg, can arrive."—"I have not as many hours to live, and must forego this hope," resumed the lady; "our vow to meet again, before the tomb closed over us, has past unfulfilled. My faithful friends, farewell! when I am gone, think kindly of your princess!"

It was three in the morning when Ulrica expired: the next day, the body lay in state, and all Stockholm repaired to take a last look at their beloved princess. The crowd was so great, that, towards evening, the officer on guard found it difficult to enforce the order for closing the doors, and that none should be admitted until the following day. This officer was Baron Frederic, of W.—a young Swede of undoubted courage. The eleventh hour had struck; and, as he walked up and down an anti-chamber, separated from the room where the princess lay merely by a glass partition, he often paused to gaze at the idle pomp which surrounded the royal corpse, where the shades of death and the glare of a thousand tapers seemed engaged in ghastly combat—and then his head sunk on his breast—and again he moved slowly on, wrapt in his own reflections.

So passed the next hour, and the palace clock struck twelve: as its last vibration ceased, a lady, dressed in black, whom the baron imme-

diately recognized as the Countess Emelinde of Schœnberg, the absent friend of the princess, entered.—"Noble Countess," said Baron Frederic, "the chamber of her highness is closed, and no one, until the morning, can be admitted. Nay, advance not, lady—my orders are severe; and, were I even to infringe them, it would but afford you the means of augmenting your sorrow. I pray you, refrain!"—and, seeing the pale figure advance, he moved to oppose her entering.

A cold hand was laid on his—an icy shudder pervaded his whole frame—and he remained motionless! For a moment's space, his sight was obscured; and, when he recovered it, he saw the figure approach the bed of the princess. The corpse arose, and opened its heavy eyelids; but its glance was fixed and glassy. The arms, which before were crossed on the breast, spread slowly, to embrace the pallid form which moved to meet them!—

—When Baron Frederic recovered, he found himself lying on the ground: he was alone. The corpse had resumed its former attitude; but on the lips, which had retained the convulsive contraction of the last agony, now sate a placid smile. Inquiries were made in the palace; and their only result was, that on that night, at the midnight hour, a mourning coach, drawn by four horses, had entered the palace court: a female, in black attire, alighted from it, and ascended the stairs. In what manner either the carriage or the lady had disappeared, could none explain. In the course of a month, the messenger despatched to Saxony returned, and also with tidings of the death of the Countess Schœnberg. The story is to this day well remembered in Stockholm, and recounted as often as a rude basso-relievo, representing this mysterious circumstance, arrests the attention of the traveller.

VARIETIES.

A GERMAN LITERARY CHARACTER.

HOFFMANN could not do without society, without excitement, and now not well without exclusive admiration. His old friends he had not forsaken, for he seldom, and with difficulty, got intimate with a stranger; but their quiet life could not content him: it was clear that the enjoyment he sought was only to be found among gay laughter-loving toppers, as a guest at their table, or still better, as their sovereign in the wine-house. "The order of his life, from 1816, downwards," says his Biographer, "was this:—On Mondays and Thursdays he passed his forenoon at his post in the *Kammergericht*; on other days at home, in working; the afternoons he regularly spent in sleep, to which, in summer, perhaps he added walking: the evenings and nights were devoted to the tavern. Even when out in company, while the other guests went home, he retired to the tavern to await the morning, before which time it was next to impossible to bring him home." Strangers who came to Berlin went to see him in the tavern; the tavern was his study, and his pulpit, and his throne; here his wit flashed and flamed, like an *Aurora Borealis*, and the table was forever in a roar; and thus, amid tobacco-smoke, and over coarse earthly liquor, was Hoffmann wasting faculties which might have seasoned the nectar of the gods.

Poor Hoffmann was on the highway to ruin; and the only wonder is, that with such fatal speed, he did not reach the goal even more balefully and sooner. His official duties were, to the last, punctually and irreproachably performed. He wrote more abundantly than ever; no magazine editor was contented without his contributions; the *Nachtstücke* (Night-pieces) were published in 1817; two years afterwards, *Klein Zaches*, regarded (it would seem falsely) as a

local satire; and at last, between 1819 and 1821, appeared in four successive volumes, the *Serapionsbrüder*, containing most of his smaller tales, collected from various fugitive publications, and combined together by dialogues of the *Serapion-brethren*, a little club of friends, which for some time met weekly at Hoffmann's house. The *Prinzessin Brambilla* (1821), is properly another Fantasy-piece: The *Lebensaussichten des Kater Murr* (Tom-cat Murr's Philosophy of Life), published in 1820 and 1821, was meant by the author as his master-work; but the third volume is wanting; and the wild anarchy, musical and moral, said to reign in the first two, may for ever remain unreconciled.

Meanwhile, Hoffmann's tavern orgies continued unabated, and his health at last sank under them. In 1819, he had suffered a renewed attack of gout; from which, however, he had recovered by a journey to the Silesian baths. On his forty-fifth birth-day, the 24th of January, 1822, he saw his best and oldest friends, including Hitzig and Hippel, assembled round his table; but he himself was sick; no longer hurrying to and fro in hospitable assiduity, as was his custom, but confined to his chair, and drinking bath water, while his guests were enjoying wine. It was his death that lay upon him, and a mournful lingering death. The disease was a *tabes dorsalis*; limb by limb, from his feet upwards, for five months, his body stiffened and died. Hoffmann bore his sufferings with inconceivable gaiety; so long as his hands had power, he kept writing; afterwards, he dictated to an amanuensis; and four of his tales, the last, *Der Fiend* (The Enemy), discontinued only some few days before his death, were composed in this melancholy season. He would not believe that he was dying, and he longed for life with inexpressible de-

sire. On the evening of the 24th of June, his whole body to the neck had become stiff and powerless; no longer feeling pain, he said to his doctor, "I shall soon be through it now."—"Yes," said the doctor, "you will soon be through it." Next morning he was evidently dying; yet about eleven o'clock he awoke from his stupor, cried that he was well, and would go on with dictating the Fiend that night; at the same time calling on his wife to read him the passage where he had stopt. She spoke to him in kind dissuasion; he was silent; he motioned to be turned towards the wall; and scarcely had this been done, when the fatal sound was heard in his throat, and in a few minutes Hoffmann was no more.—*Carlisle's Specimens of German Romance.*

BRIDES.

The custom of breaking a cake over the bride's head when she enters her husband's house, is borrowed from the Greeks, who, as an emblem of future plenty, poured figs and other fruits over the heads of both bride and bridegroom.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

By the deed for the erection of this great work, it is fixed, that the building shall not be begun until there are 1500 shares of 100*l.* each, actually subscribed, and the number may be increased to 3000, which would reduce the amount of each share to 50*l.* The whole of the 1500 hundred shares have been filled up, and the second instalment of 10*l.* (making 35*l.* per share) is paid up on a large proportion of them. The Council has fixed on the 7th of March for laying the foundation stone, which will be done with all becoming ceremony by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. The next question to be asked is, when will the University be completed? Messrs. Lees, the contractors for the building, and Mr. Wilkins, the architect, are both confident that the building will be ready for the commencement of the Lectures in Octo-

ber 1828, or at the farthest, in February, 1829, allowing the longest period (of two years) that has been contemplated. The number of candidates for the several professorships in the University, holds out the certainty that the most eminent men in each branch of learning and science will fill the Chairs. It has long been matter of surprise and of reproach, that the capital of England should be the only capital in Europe where an University is not established. It will soon be in the power of young men to obtain a complete, efficient, and economical system of education suitable for the age we live in. The Council have publicly advertised that they are ready to receive applications from candidates for the following professorships, which they intend speedily to fill, viz.:—1. Greek Language, Literature, and Antiquities.—2. Roman Language, Literature, and Antiquities.—3. English Literature and Composition.—4. French Language and Literature.—5. Italian and Spanish Languages and Literature.—6. German and Northern Languages and Literature.—7. Elementary Mathematics.—8. Higher Mathematics and Mathematical Physics.—9. Experimental Physics.—10. Chemistry.—11. Zoology and comparative Anatomy.—12. Application of Physical Sciences to the Arts.—13. Logic and Philosophy of the Human Mind.—14. Moral and Political Philosophy.—15. Jurisprudence, including International Law.—16. English Law, with (perhaps) separate Lectures on the Constitution.—17. History.—18. Political Economy.—19. Anatomy.—20. Physiology.—21. Surgery.—22. Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children.—23. Materia Medica and Pharmacy.—24. Nature and Treatment of Diseases.

ANECDOTE OF A LION.

Poor Gert Schepers, a vea-boor of the Cradock district, was out hunting in company with a neighbour, whose name, as he is yet alive, and has perhaps been sufficiently punished, I shall not make more notorious.

Coming to a fountain, surrounded, as is common, with tall reeds and rushes, Gert handed his gun to his comrade, and alighted to search for water. But he no sooner approached the fountain, than an enormous lion started up close at his side, and seized him by the left arm. The man, though taken by surprise, stood stock still without struggling, aware that the least attempt to escape would ensure his instant destruction. The animal also remained motionless, holding fast the boor's arm in his fangs, but without biting it severely, —and shutting his eyes at the same time, as if he could not withstand the countenance of his victim. As they stood in this position, Gert, collecting his presence of mind, began to beckon to his comrade to advance and shoot the lion in the forehead. This might have been easily effected, as the animal not only continued still with closed eyes, but Gert's body concealed from his notice any object advancing in front of him. But the fellow was a vile poltron, and in place of complying with his friend's directions, or making any other attempt to save him, he began cautiously to retreat to the top of a neighbouring rock. Gert continued earnestly to beckon for assistance for a long time, the lion continuing perfectly quiet; —and the lion-hunters affirm, that if he had but persevered a little longer, the animal would have at length relaxed his hold, and left him uninjured. Such cases, at least, they maintain, have occasionally occurred. But Gert, indignant at the pusillanimity of his comrade, and losing patience with the lion, at last drew his knife, (a weapon which every back-country colonist wears sheathed at his side,) and with the utmost force of his right arm, plunged it into the animal's breast. The thrust was a deadly one, for Gert was a bold and powerful man; but it did not prove effectual in time to save his own life —for the enraged savage, striving to grapple with him, and held at arm's length by the utmost efforts of Gert's strength and desperation, so dread-

fully lacerated the breast and arms of the unfortunate man with his talons, that his bare bones were laid open. The lion fell at last from loss of blood, and Gert fell along with him. The cowardly companion who had witnessed this fearful struggle from the rock, now, however, took courage to advance, and succeeded in carrying his mangled friend to the nearest house,—where such surgical aid as the neighbours could give, was immediately but vainly applied. Poor Gert expired on the third day after, of a locked jaw.—*Thompson's Travels in Southern Africa.*

CHEAP AND DURABLE FISH-OIL PAINT.

Pilchard oil, which possesses more greasy matter than any other fish-oil, has been used in Cornwall for the last fifty years, to the greatest advantage, in coarse painting. The preparation is made in the following manner; put the oil into a clean iron pot, and place it over a slow fire (wood is best); to prevent it from burning, when it begins to heat skim it well; let it remain on the fire till it singes the feathers put therein. For every gallon of oil, add a small table spoonful of red litharge. Stir them together well for about three minutes; then take the pot off the fire, and let the mixture cool in the open air, after which it is fit for use. It will quickly dry, and become a solid body, in any coloured paint, on wood or iron. It is durable, and has all the appearance of varnish.

MICROSCOPES.

The most powerful single microscopes are very small globules of glass, which may be made by melting the ends of fine threads of glass in the flame of a candle, or by taking a little fine powdered glass on the point of a very small needle, and melting it into a globule in that way. It was with such microscopes as these that Lewenhoeck made all his wonderful discoveries.